

The Sketch



No. 371.—VOL. XXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



"THE SKETCH" LADYSMITH RELIEF CARTOON.

SIR GEORGE WHITE: *Relief is welcome indeed, Lord Dundonald!*

LORD DUNDONALD: *The whole Empire admires your heroic defence of Ladysmith, Sir George!*

THE CLUBMAN.

Her Majesty's Visit to London—The Queen not to go to Bordighera—The Ladysmith Hysteria in London—Enthusiasm in the Clubs—Chocolate as a Life-Preserver.

WHEN we Britons find that we are in for a bad time, there is always an inclination to gather in back-to-back and take what punishment there is to come grimly and quietly. It is so in the field of war; it is so at home. During the very anxious months that preceded the turn of the tide in South Africa, it was a comfort to every man and every woman in the kingdom that Her Majesty the Queen was in our midst, that her voice was the voice of the nation when sympathy was expressed to the wounded after some stricken field, and that our commanders, after some hard-fought action, always knew that the head of the nation, as well as the nation itself, followed every move of the great game of war with intense and sympathetic interest. The strain has now been taken off the nerves of the people. With the relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith, the war assumes normal conditions, and the big battalions are as sure to win as a steam-roller is to put a stony road into order. Therefore, we Britons, drawing now a great breath of relief, should turn to Her Majesty, who has been in the midst of us during the dark days of the war, and, knowing what benefit to her health her annual holiday in the South of Europe is, has yet felt that, whilst her soldiers and sailors are fighting for Queen and country, she could not enjoy herself so far away. Hence Her Majesty has decided, so a Windsor correspondent says, to deprive herself of the pleasure of the visit to delightful Bordighera. We are glad to hear the Queen is coming to town on Thursday morning for a few days' stay, and shall all unite to welcome our well-loved Sovereign with even greater enthusiasm than usual.

Both H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge have made a yearly trip to the French Riviera. Both, however, are so intimately connected with the movement for raising auxiliary corps, and both are the heads of so many of the organisations that are sending out wave after wave of yeomen and gentlemen to swell the advancing tide of conquest in Africa, that they are unlikely to find time to visit Cannes, which is generally the Royal headquarters.

The electric telegraph is responsible for a change in the British character. When a war is in progress, we are at the end of a wire and hear of every skirmish, and each minor success or minor reverse is recounted to us a few hours after it has taken place. This keeps the nerves of the nation on the strain, and we are gradually developing hysteria. The demonstration on Thursday last, when the relief of Ladysmith became known, was hysterical. We had all felt with the besiegers, had known with them the joy of hearing again and again the advancing thunder of Buller's guns, and the agony of finding that the relieving force was each time beaten back. So it happened that, when Sir Redvers did break through, we all, like that pale and emaciated multitude which waited at the ford of the Klip River, went half-mad with hysterical delight. In our grandfathers' time we would have heard no details of the attempts to cross the Tugela, but a despatch would have announced, many weeks after the event, that Ladysmith was relieved, and a mass of the people, knowing little about the war, but aware that a victory meant beer, would have gone through the streets calling on all citizens to put candles in their windows, cheering before the houses of popular people, where beer would be sent out to them, and hooting before the houses of unpopular ones. Any man in the crowd who did not get drunk at somebody else's expense would have thought himself particularly unlucky.

In the Clubs there was a great deal of quiet enthusiasm. In some of the large Clubs, men who have not been introduced, or in some way brought in contact, do not talk at all to each other; but on Thursday the British frigidity was thoroughly thawed, and I found men whose faces I had known for fifteen years, but with whom I had never exchanged greetings, talking about the relief to me as if we were old friends; and I, on my part, in the starchiest of the Clubs that I belong to, stood in the hall and gossiped to anyone who came near me. I made thus the acquaintance of a score of pleasant gentlemen as unknown to me as I was to them.

Her Majesty's gift of chocolate to her soldiers in the field will mark a new era in several ways. The usual gift made to the men in the rather brutal days of the Peninsular War used to be money given by the Generals for a carouse after some successful action. The "Iron Duke" himself set the example in this, and his lieutenants followed it. I cannot recall any previous occasion on which a Sovereign has given to her or his troops anything so pleasant and harmless as chocolate. Another era that Her Majesty's gift inaugurates concerns chocolate manufacturers and writers of military fiction. It has been the invariable rule that the hero of a story, if he is to be saved from a hostile bullet by anything that he carries about him, should find the lead embedded in the little Bible given him either by his old mother or by the white-haired pastor of his native village. I would say nothing to discourage the carrying of a Bible—on the contrary, no soldier should go on active service without one; but, now that a private has been saved from death by a bullet embedding itself in a stick of the chocolate given by Her Majesty, manufacturers of that delicacy will not be likely to lose the opportunity of the advertisement they will gain by it, and all lady writers of soldier-stories will also take note.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

Scoring a "Double Event"—The Capture of Cronjé, and the Relief of Ladysmith—A Happy Coincidence—Gallantry of the Irish Brigade—The Queen's Messages to Her Troops.

OF a truth, the glorious roll of the British drum-beat draws daily nearer to Pretoria, and the time when the Union Jack shall replace the Boer standard there once more is already within measurable distance. Thanks to skilful generalship and conspicuous gallantry on the part of the rank-and-file, the tide has indeed turned in our



GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C.

favour at last. Thus, notable success to our arms "all along the line" has this week to be chronicled, for on both the Eastern and the Western borders the Boer has been pushed back and the Briton has advanced. In sporting parlance, our troops have scored a "double event," and the two objects for which we have been chiefly striving ever since the outbreak of hostilities, namely, the capture of the redoubtable Cronjé and the relief of Ladysmith, have at length been attained. No wonder, then, that a wave of real and heartfelt rejoicing has just swept over the length and breadth of the kingdom and replaced the one of apprehension and dissatisfaction that had hitherto taken so firm a hold upon the Empire. If we "take our pleasures sadly," this is not the case with our victories!

A HAPPY COINCIDENCE.

By a singularly happy coincidence, the day on which occurred the former of these welcome episodes was the nineteenth anniversary of that which witnessed the memorable reverse to our arms at Majuba. On that occasion (Feb. 27, 1881) some 500 British troops were defeated by a Boer force; on the same day—but just nineteen years later—4600 of the same enemy, with the most notable officer in their army,

SURRENDERED TO LORD ROBERTS.

The manner in which this achievement was effected was one that reflects the highest credit on the tactical genius of the veteran Field-Marshal who conducted the operation in question. Going into details, it seems that the main points of the plan of campaign observed by his force on this occasion were very much as follows—

While subjecting the Boer laager to a heavy and well-sustained bombardment (as was described in last week's *Sketch*), Lord Roberts occupied himself in slowly but surely drawing a cordon more closely round Cronjé's army. At the same time, he took steps to ensure the interception of reinforcements for the enemy by sending the 6th Division from Klip Drift to a commanding position to the east. On the 23rd ult., a Boer commando, hastening towards Paardeberg with the intention of forming a junction with General Cronjé, was defeated with heavy loss. As a result, "a feeling of depression" set in among the enemy, and a spirit of discord with their leaders manifested itself among the rank-and-file.

This, of course, was Lord Roberts' opportunity, and, like the able tactician that he has ever proved himself, he promptly seized it. Every night, accordingly, the British trenches were pushed yard by yard nearer to the Boer laager, while throughout the day a heavy fire was maintained upon it by our artillery. Valuable assistance, too, was afforded by means of a captive balloon, which was employed in "locating" the dispositions of Cronjé's troops. When at length the morning of Feb. 27 dawned, our troops had gained a position



GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C.

within eighty yards of the enemy's trenches. This achievement, which Lord Roberts characterised in his despatch as "a most dashing advance," was carried out by the Canadian contingent and a detachment of the Royal Engineers, supported by the 1st Battalion the Gordon Highlanders, and the 2nd Battalion the Shropshire Regiment.

THE CAPITULATION OF CRONJÉ.

The successful manner in which this manœuvre was effected seems to have clinched matters, for, when daylight broke on the scene, a party of

Boers bearing a flag of truce was observed to be approaching our lines. On their arrival there, they handed to the officer commanding the outposts a letter from General Cronjé, in which he expressed himself as being prepared to surrender with his entire force. In reply to this communication, Lord Roberts intimated that the Boer commander was to present himself at the British camp and that his men were to lay down their arms and leave their laager. By seven o'clock in the morning these terms had been complied with, and a telegram announcing the capitulation of General Cronjé, with forty-six officers and some four thousand men, six guns, and a quantity of ammunition and stores, was accordingly despatched to Lord Lansdowne. The modest hope with which the gallant "Bobs" concluded this memorable despatch—namely, that "Her Majesty's Government will consider this event satisfactory, occurring, as it does, on the anniversary of Majuba," was not an ill-placed one. As fast as the electric current could flash it to him came in reply his Sovereign's gracious message of approbation: "Accept for yourself and all under you my warmest congratulations on this splendid news."

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH.

While this dramatic event was taking place on the Modder River, a glorious sequel to it was being achieved by Sir Redvers Buller in Natal. This was the raising of the long-sustained siege of Ladysmith, which was finally effected on the night of Feb. 28 by the entrance into the camp of Lord Dundonald with a force of mounted troops.

The various operations contributing to this splendid episode of the campaign may be said to have commenced on Feb. 22, when Buller's force—undeterred by previous failures—made a fresh advance upon the banks of the Tugela. On this, as well as on the following day, a very fierce engagement took place in the vicinity of Pieters Station. The brunt of the fighting on this occasion was borne by the Irish regiments (led by Major-General Hart), who covered themselves with undying honour. Especially was this the case with the 1st Battalion the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, which, although exposed for hours to a most withering fire, held their ground throughout the whole of that trying day.

So extraordinarily severe, however, was the fire which the enemy was enabled to direct upon our men, from their intrenched position on the north-east, that it became imperative to make a crossing elsewhere. A suitable spot, accordingly, was now reconnoitred for, and one was discovered a little lower down the river. At nightfall on the 26th ult. this was successfully bridged, and the passage of the Tugela was accordingly commenced.

As on previous occasions, this difficult operation was hotly contested by the enemy, who, posted in considerable numbers on the precipitous heights to the north, maintained a galling fusillade upon the British force engaged in effecting the crossing. On the morning of the 27th, however, General Barton's brigade succeeded in turning the enemy's left by storming the craggy heights of Pieters Hill, which they eventually carried by assault. This notable achievement naturally prepared the way for the attack upon the enemy's main position, which Sir Charles Warren now delivered. At sunset, after a long day's fighting of the

most arduous nature imaginable, this was "magnificently carried" (writes General Buller) by the South Lancashire Regiment. Less than twenty-four hours afterwards, Lord Dundonald rode into Ladysmith at the head of the Natal Carbineers and a composite regiment.

"KEEPING THE FLAG FLYING."

Thus was effected the relief of the sorely beleaguered camp, after experiencing a four months' siege of perhaps the most rigorous description on record. How severe were the straits to which the indomitable garrison was reduced is evidenced by the reports of its condition which have been cabled home within the last few days. Rations, for instance, had been cut down to a daily allowance of half-a-pound of trek-ox, supplemented by a few ounces of horse-flesh; regiments could muster scarcely a quarter of their strength; the hospitals were crowded with sick and wounded; and hardship, danger, and discomfort were the daily lot of all within the Camp. They had, however, one thing on which to pride themselves, one thing which doubtless sustained them in their bitterest hours, namely—and, as their gallant commander, Sir George White, V.C., said so splendidly—"throughout the whole of their time of trial they kept the British flag flying." Of a truth, the heroes of Ladysmith have acquitted themselves nobly of their charge!

DRIVING THE ENEMY OUT OF CAPE COLONY.

"It never rains but it pours," and hence a telegram from "the front," dated Sunday afternoon, announcing that the Boers had been driven out of the Stormberg and Dordrecht districts was received more or less as a matter of course. The British force to which belongs the credit of this achievement consisted of Colonial Horse, commanded by Brigadier-General Brabant. Leaving Dordrecht at midnight on the 3rd inst., it advanced in a northerly direction and attacked the enemy at Labuschagies Nek. Here it drove them from their position, after a smart engagement; but, owing to lack of reinforcements, was unable to press the advance. On the same day, General Gatacre made a reconnaissance towards Stormberg, and, thanks to the excellent practice of his artillery, forced the Boers to beat a precipitate retreat. As a result of this manoeuvre, the number of the enemy remaining in Cape Colony is fast approaching a vanishing point.

Viscount Melgund—Victor Gilbert Lariston Garnet Elliot, to give him his full name—

the heir of the Earl of Minto, is, like his father, adding every day to the number of his friends in Canada. Though only in his twentieth year, Lord Melgund gives one the impression that not only is he a "lad o' pairts," but that in the amateur judgment he expresses concerning leading men and matters of national import he has made excellent use of his faculties. Of late, Lord Melgund has been distinguishing himself on the amateur stage at Ottawa, and, like his sire, he indulges in varied outdoor sports, and makes himself at home in whatever part of the Dominion he visits. Those who are most capable of judging are assured that Lord Minto's heir is marked out for a "career," and that on no circumscribed or limited stage.



"BOBS," THE AVENGER OF MAJUBA.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.

CHARLES WYNDHAM, THE ENGLISH CYRANO.

His Heavy Rehearsals—His Reasons for Producing the Play in the Provinces before London—Also for Having the Adaptation Written in Prose—And a Note on Cyrano's Nose.

IT is a little over two years since M. Édmond Rostand was hailed by literary Paris as the legitimate successor of Victor Hugo, for at the Porte St. Martin, on Dec. 28, 1897, "a genuine poet and great dramatist was given to the world." The

SUCCESS OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC"

is as well known as it is proverbial. With that success will for ever be coupled the name of M. Coquelin, in France and in London, while America has long had its Cyrano in the person of Mr. Richard Mansfield. Why should London wait for its English Cyrano? Well, London has waited, and patiently. It was at one time whispered that

SIR HENRY IRVING

had possession of the play, and that he would produce the piece at the Lyceum—on the stage of which M. Coquelin had delighted large audiences, in the summer of 1898, with this beautiful play and his own fine performance. But the plans of a theatrical manager are liable, like other mundane affairs, to change.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM

then secured the right to do "Cyrano de Bergerac" in English. Yet long has London waited for her English Cyrano, and still she waits, while Lancashire lads and lasses in Blackpool are favoured by the presence of England's foremost comedian in the part of the romantic hero. Anxious to know the true inwardness of things, a representative of *The Sketch* made diligent inquiry last week, and from the fountain-head, Mr. Wyndham himself, elicited the following interesting information—

"Yes, we have been rehearsing for several weeks,"

SAID THE NEW CYRANO,

"and these rehearsals have been most exacting. It was the realisation of the necessity for them that prompted me to make the heavy sacrifice of withdrawing 'David Garrick' in the high-tide of its prosperity. This old and popular play, in its latest revival, has produced a profit of no less than £10,000, and the last house was as crowded as on the first of its run. To play that part and rehearse Cyrano daily would have been impossible. I shall, however, probably revive 'David Garrick' during the coming season at matinées. I need hardly say that we have had very heavy work with this new production, often

REHEARSING FOR TWELVE AND FOURTEEN HOURS A DAY.

There are so very many small parts, but all are so important that they have to be presented by competent and experienced actors. From Mr. Louis Calvert and Mr. Percy Hutchinson I have received the most valuable assistance, the former with his exceptional gift of managing crowds, the latter with his admirable mastery of stage detail.

"COQUELIN BURST UPON PARIS"

with his admirable acting in this super-excellent play. What an opportunity for an actor! In every town since, though the fame of the play flew over the world, the impersonator of Cyrano stepped on the stage unchallenged by any comparison. It has been left to me to enact this rôle after two productions of it in London, and on each occasion the part was in the unrivalled hands of its original exponent. To appear, therefore, as Cyrano, raw and inexperienced, after such a past-master of his art had been seen with all the advantage of practice in his hands that two hundred previous representations in Paris had given him, was to court a disadvantage not only for myself, but for Miss Mary Moore and my company—and, still more, for the adapters.

"MESSRS. STUART OGILVIE AND LOUIS N. PARKER'S"

admirable adaptation at least deserved that it should be presented in London with some of the ease and smoothness which twenty-five performances could give.

"You will, perhaps, complain," continued Mr. Wyndham, "as some writers have complained before of me, that I am giving my own criticism on the work of the adapters instead of submitting the decision to the critics. I am, however, giving only my own opinion, based on many years of experience, but I am quite conscious of the possibility that the critics may take some exceptions. For instance, many may deplore the absence of versification in the adaptation."

"Quite so. I have been wondering how the English adapters could reproduce the music and rhythm of M. Rostand's verse and the Hudibrastic rhymes which are so important in the original."

"The adaptation is entirely in prose," said Mr. Wyndham. "I must accept the entire responsibility for this. A play in verse will not please a London audience—at least, that is my belief, though I have nothing more to go upon than a study of thirty years of the London stage. I, therefore, requested the adapters to produce a literary, workmanlike play, and I feel that, if it should fail to please the critics, the deficiencies will not be due to the adapters, but to myself. It is, like the original, in five acts."

"CYRANO'S NOSE?"

concluded Mr. Wyndham. "Ah! I am making that up from a portrait of the original seventeenth-century Cyrano—it will be a pronounced 'Roman' nose, nothing more."

GENERAL CRONJÉ.

"LOOK here upon this picture and on this," said the Prince of Denmark to his mother, comparing the pictures of his father and his uncle. The difference between Ilyperion and a Satyr is not more marked than are the pictures drawn by certain artists in words of "the people's General," as Piet Cronjé has been called by his compatriots any time these last twenty years.

His face "is not the face of a warrior or of a killer of men, but suggests home-like precepts against violence of any kind. Looking, indeed, at some schools of sacred painters to be met with in art-tramps on the Continent, I should, without intentional irreverence, describe Cronjé's as a Christ-like face. Its expression is rather of sorrowing kindness, of a wistful desire to live at peace with the world, of a man who would exist cleanly, pay his debts, and go to bed on the right side of midnight." So Mr. Alfred Kinnear, the War-Correspondent, who has recently returned from the scene of action.

"He has somewhat the air of the dirtiest kind of stage ruffian," says another writer, "modified by the noisome swagger of an out-at-elbow swashbuckler. His manner and tone are offensive, conceited, impudent, and bombastic. He has very strongly marked features, an unpleasant leer, and watery blue eyes. Like so many Boers, he is absolutely incapable of looking anyone straight in the face, and there is a shiftiness about him which is wholly repellent."

It is nearly twenty years since this personality, so strangely different in different eyes, stepped out of the crowd in relentless enmity to the might of Great Britain. It was a dramatic entrance, as he declared that he and his followers "did not recognise Her Majesty's Government," and they stopped the enforced sale at auction of a waggon belonging to one of their comrades, and kicked the auctioneer out of the waggon. A little while after, Captain Raaf, the Government agent, went to Cronjé, then described as the Leader of the Schoonspruit Boers, and tried to make him and his associates surrender. "Raaf, do you take me for such a coward?" asked Cronjé, the leader and the spokesman. "I shall never surrender willingly, and if the Government want me, they must take me by force."

The Government did want him. The Government have taken him by force, though nearly twenty years elapsed between the speaking and the taking.

During those twenty years the strength of Piet Cronjé seems to have measured itself against Great Britain on every possible occasion. It was he who issued the circular calling the great Boer meeting at Paardekraal which paved the way for the re-establishment of the Republic. It was under his command that the first shot in the War of Independence was fired, and he was one of the foremost leaders of the fight. It was he who conducted the Siege of Potchefstroom. It was he to whom Dr. Jameson surrendered at Krugersdorp. It is he who, in the moment of his defeat, has so stimulated the sentiment of a certain portion of the French nation that subscriptions are actually being raised in order to present him with a sword as a mark of admiration for the brave fight he made. It is he who, in the moment of our victory, we can still find time to admire and to applaud for the superb generalship, considering the numbers massed against him, which enabled him to withstand for days an attack against which he was expected to capitulate in as many hours.

Yet in the great game of war he has always appeared to be inspired by the belief in the old proverb that "all is fair," and he never shrank from any act which would serve his purpose at the time. Witness his blowing up of the caves in which the women and children had taken shelter during the Magato rebellion; his callous reply to the request of the women of Potchefstroom that the women who were in the fort might be permitted to come out, "They have sought the protection of the British; let the British protect them if they can," while all the time he was keeping back the fact that an armistice had been signed and his investment of the besieged garrison was *ultra vires*. These were perhaps the worst incidents in his career.

"Slim Piet" is an epithet applied to General Joubert, but, considering the reputation Piet Cronjé has made for himself, it would seem that the adjective belongs by right to the name, and should not be disassociated from it.

Though unyielding to his enemies, he is devoted to his own. Never was this shown more strikingly than at the time his son was shot by his side during the Jameson Raid. All thought of enemies was put aside. Only his son and the need of having his wounds dressed filled his mind. He picked the boy up in his arms and carried him back to the town, and while he was gone the mistakes of his men nearly gave "Dr. Jim's" troopers the opportunity of turning the tables completely round. When he came back, it was the military genius who took command and brought disaster to the invaders.

With treachery to his enemies and devotion to his kin, he combines a strong religious fervour amounting to nothing less than fatalism. One day, at Krugersdorp, he was sitting in an exposed place, and a field-cornet said to him, "Come over here. It's safer." "God has called me here to do a certain work. If God means me to be taken, I shall be

bursting not far off, he bent over a hen's nest, picked up an egg, broke the shell, swallowed the contents with evident gusto, and returned to encourage his men.

Silent, taciturn, scarcely speaking even at home, and then using as few words as possible, he lived, a simple burgher, taking no part in



GENERAL PIET CRONJÉ, WHO SURRENDERED WITH FOUR THOUSAND BOERS TO LORD ROBERTS ON MAJUBA DAY, FEB. 27.

shot wherever I sit. If he does not, I am as safe here as anywhere else," he replied, and sat still. Only the other day, on the Modder River, he was seen quietly walking in the yard of the Mount Modder Hotel, smilingly expressing his regret to the proprietor that the British should be disturbing him in that way, and, unconscious of the shells

the administration of the country; but, like a modern Cincinnatus, when the call to battle went forth, he left his plough, mounted his horse, and led his men himself, as, when the fight was done, he rode back, put down his gun, and went back to the plough. The rôle of a prisoner is quite a new one for him.

THE LATE COLONEL THACKERAY.

COLONEL T. M. G. THACKERAY, of the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, whose name has to be added to the already long death-roll of officers, had a singular experience in the vicinity of the Tugela earlier in the campaign. It appears that he had been left behind in an impossible position to which he had advanced with a mixed lot from other battalions. They saw the ambulance approach, at the sight of which the Boers ceased firing and a truce was arranged. Learning subsequently that a general retirement had been ordered, the Boer leader informed the Colonel that he must regard himself as a prisoner. "Oh, no!" replied Colonel Thackeray; "we were fighting all the time. You advanced under the Red Cross, as if it were a flag of truce, and we permitted you to do so." The Boer Commandant was inclined to persist, whereupon the Colonel suggested that both sides should go back and begin again. This was too much for the Boer, who replied, "Well, perhaps you are right, after all. I have no orders, so I'll turn my back, and won't see you. You can then clear off with all your men!" The Colonel promptly took advantage of the suggestion, and, when he and his men reappeared in camp, there was much rejoicing on the part of their comrades, who had felt no little anxiety as to their safety.

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FROM CAPETOWN TO LADYSMITH.

By G. W. STEEVENS.

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Signature.....

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE HOUSING OF THE LONDON POOR.

IT was a welcome relief, even in the most victorious week of the campaign, to turn for a moment from the War-news to that question of vast import for London, the better housing of the humblest class of workers. The Prince of Wales displayed praiseworthy personal interest in this public matter by paying visits, on Friday last, to the model dwellings erected of late in Bermondsey and in that other populous centre of South London, Newington Butts, the latter built by Lord Rowton's Company; and His Royal Highness had the satisfaction of being accompanied by the Princess of Wales on Saturday to flag-decked Shoreditch, when he opened with habitual urbanity the fine workmen's buildings which now adorn the Boundary area, thanks to the remarkable transformation effected by the London County Council.

Lord Welby, the Council's devoted Chairman, paid due tribute to the valuable services rendered by the late Prince Consort and by the Prince of Wales himself in this direction; and the Earl of Rosebery and the Bishop of London were appropriately among the noblemen and ecclesiastical dignitaries present. It is impossible not to admire the hearty earnestness as well as characteristic geniality with which the Prince performs these inaugural ceremonies. He literally makes a Fine Art of the work. Chairman of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, His Royal Highness made himself thoroughly acquainted with the evils of overcrowding—led to his "rookery" pilgrimages, mayhap, by the revelations of Mr. George R. Sims in his powerful work, which the late Fred Barnard illustrated.

As Sir Walter Besant's noble philanthropic novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," was naturally honoured when the East London Palace of the People which he advocated sprang up in the Mile End Road, so the Prince gracefully referred to Mr. Morrison's pathetic tale of "A Child of the Jago" for a description of the former squalid tenements on the Jago site. His Royal Highness lauded the London County Council, as it richly deserved to be, for this and similar improvements; and he did more. He manfully cited the Lambeth property of which he is the landowner, and pointed out how the number of leases and sub-leases hindered him, in common with other ground-landlords, from building better houses and bringing about a better state of things at present.

How thorough a reformer the Prince is in regard to this vital matter was clearly shown in a closing passage of his most admirable speech: "I am aware the Government is contemplating some much-needed reform in this great and difficult problem, and I should gladly welcome any legislation which would give landlords back, under proper conditions, the power over their property with which they should never have parted, and which would enable me to see the tenants on my Lambeth property as happy, as comfortable, and as well-cared-for as I am able to say they are in Norfolk."

Cordial cheers naturally greeted this kind-hearted statement of the Prince, who was looking in the best of health, one rejoiced to note; whilst the Princess looked as sweet as ever in a charmingly becoming chinchilla-trimmed astrachan jacket and a duck of a heliotrope toque with white osprey.

"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS."

A noticeable example of managerial energy! I hear from Drury Lane that, in spite of the disastrous fire which destroyed the whole of the scenery, costumes, and properties of the "Hearts are Trumps" company at the Grand Theatre, Islington, not a single date booked will be missed. The very day the fire occurred, carpenters were at work on new scenery, and on Monday next, at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, the tour will be resumed.

The mishap at the Métropole in the sensational mountain-scene will doubtless ensure extra precautions being taken. It should be stated that, in sympathising with Mr. Williamson and Miss Rose Barton, the actor and actress injured in this accident, *The Sketch* contributor meant to cast no imputation upon the Métropole Management, which has, from the first, been distinguished by exemplary care under the direction of Mr. J. B. Mulholland, and has for years produced similar effects without disaster. I am glad to hear the courageous hero and heroine were not injured as seriously as was first reported. No blame was cast on any particular person. But there was a misadventure. And this should assuredly serve as a warning to all Managers in future to see, by thorough testing, that the Grigolati wires are strong enough to bear their human burdens, and that the fastenings are also absolutely secure.

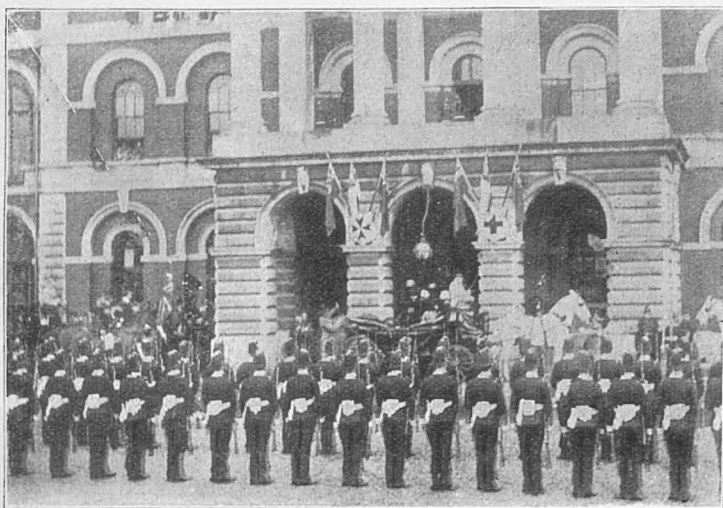
"Who's Who at the War."—Messrs. Adam and Charles Black's seasonable sixpenny handbook is a timely companion to their popular book of contemporary biography, "Who's Who," and is deservedly selling by thousands.

There are two new "turns" at the London Hippodrome. Miss Milly Capell gives an exhibition of her wonderful training of a horse in the style of the *haute école*, while three terriers twist in and out of the fore-legs and hind-legs of her horse and of her own footsteps in a marvellous manner. The other item of the programme is the stupendous dive, from an altitude of sixty feet into six feet of water, performed by the diving-belle, Miss Finney. This feat was witnessed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the varied programme presented by the London Hippodrome Management.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen and Lady Roberts.

That the Queen should have received Lady Roberts and one of her daughters to lunch is probably one of the most signal marks of Royal favour ever shown by Her Majesty to any private individuals. It is a curious and significant fact that the Sovereign never asks any visitors, however distinguished, to share her mid-day meal, breakfast and luncheon being



THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO NETLEY HOSPITAL: HER MAJESTY BEING ASSISTED OUT OF HER CARRIAGE BY HER INDIAN ATTENDANT.

Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

always taken by the Queen in the strictest privacy, only members of her own intimate family circle taking part in the repast. That so exceptional a favour was shown on this occasion speaks volumes for the high esteem and for the affection in which Her Majesty holds the famous soldier who has now turned the tide of victory in South Africa.

The day on which Ladysmith was entered by Lord Dundonald, the French of Sir Redvers Buller, and not only the long-besieged town but all England was relieved, by a felicitous coincidence was the occasion of a notable royal and loyal celebration at Windsor. Her Majesty honoured the Berkshire Volunteers by inspecting them in St. George's Hall last Wednesday, and by wishing them God-speed on the eve of their departure for South Africa, adding in her clear, silvery voice, "My best wishes will go with you wherever you are, and I trust you will have a safe return." The gallant Volunteers were entertained at luncheon in the Waterloo Chamber.

Royalty at Netley. Notwithstanding all rumours to the contrary, *The Sketch* was right in announcing that the Queen would, with noble devotion to duty, pay at least one visit to Netley. I give a brace of views of the arrival of Her Majesty at Netley early last week, when she rejoiced the hearts of the wounded from the War by charming words and gifts of flowers. By the way, it seems so short a time since the hospital-ship, the *Princess of Wales*, sailed for South Africa, that it must have come quite as a shock to most people to hear that the vessel had had time to go out to the scene of war and back again. By the special wish of the Prince and Princess, their visit to the ship was treated as quite a private matter, and their Royal Highnesses, who were accompanied by the Duke of York, strove to put each patient thoroughly at ease, the Princess begging those convalescents standing at attention to sit down in her presence; while she showed her eager interest in every individual case by inquiring into the nature of each man's wound, and speaking to him with womanly sympathy.

Few people are aware of how practical is the interest taken by our Royal Family in any good work with which they have been at any time connected. The Princess of Wales, for example, has been kept constantly informed of all that has occurred on the hospital-ship bearing her name, and from every port touched at detailed accounts were forwarded to Marlborough House, and, we may be sure, were eagerly perused by Her Royal Highness.

The Prince of Wales, who has retained very delightful memories of his visit to Canada, was specially interested in the Canadian contingent of our wounded now at Netley, and he greatly delighted several of our brave Colonial soldiers by showing his intimate knowledge of the various

Canadian townships from which they hailed. Although over a thousand patients can be accommodated at Netley, elaborate preparations are being made for the taking in of a much greater number, and at the present moment it is pleasant to put on record that the German branch of the Red Cross Society has lent for two years a number of really excellent portable huts, admirably adapted for the open-air treatment of the wounded. These huts are now being erected in the beautiful grounds of the hospital.

Lady Lansdowne. Lady Lansdowne is one of the many great ladies whom the present war has revealed in quite a new character. The world had hitherto known her as an ideal hostess, and as one of the most charming women in high official life; but, although she has occupied such exalted positions as those of Vice-Reine of Canada and Vice-Reine of India, her retiring nature kept her very much in the background. During the last few months, however, no one has worked harder both for our soldiers and for our officers and their families than has the wife of the present Minister of War; indeed, it was to Lady Lansdowne that was due in great measure the admirable idea of forming an Officers' Wives and Families Fund. Lady Lansdowne's conduct in the matter is the more touching and praiseworthy when it is remembered that both her sons, Lord Kerry and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, are at "the front," and thus she must share in a peculiar sense all the anguish and anxiety which has overshadowed for so long countless British homes.

The Marchioness of Lansdowne was the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Abercorn, and thus is one of the beautiful group of sisters of whom, perhaps, the best-known are the Duchess of Buccleuch and the Marchioness of Blandford. Her marriage to the Marquis of Lansdowne took place when she was only just nineteen, and on the same day as that of her sister to Lord Blandford (the late Duke of Marlborough). But there is no indiscretion in stating that the fates of the two bride-sisters were destined to be widely different, for Lord and Lady Lansdowne have led an ideal married life; they have always been in perfect sympathy with one another, and from the first Lady Lansdowne took an exceptionally keen interest in politics, delighting in her husband's many political and diplomatic successes, and furthering his interests in an unobtrusive but ever vigilant manner.

Lansdowne House may justly claim to be one of the palaces of London, and not even Devonshire House itself is more admirably adapted for entertaining on a large scale. Before the marriage of their two young daughters—of whom one, Lady Evelyn Cavendish, will one day be Duchess of Devonshire, while the other married, three years ago, Lord Waterford—Lady Lansdowne was fond of giving delightful dances to her children's friends and contemporaries; lately, however, the great parties and receptions at Lansdowne House have been more serious in character. Like all the daughters of the Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Lansdowne has retained a wonderful look of youth, and, although



THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO NETLEY HOSPITAL: THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL CARRIAGE.

Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

she is only five years younger than her husband, she might often pass as his daughter, albeit the last few months of strain and anxiety have naturally told on her.

The Mistress of the Robes.

Like her sister, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Duchess of Buccleuch is now sharing the general anxiety as to news from "the front"; for not only are several of her sons fighting for their Queen and Country, but her son-in-law, Captain Brand, the eldest son and heir of Lord Hampden, was also one of the first to go out, leaving his young bride with her

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matter of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

mother. Like the Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn—after whom, by the way, she was named Louisa Jane—the Duchess of Buccleuch has always been a great favourite of the Queen, to whom she is the present Mistress of the Robes. Both when entertaining Royalty at Dalkeith House, near



LADY SARAH WILSON, THE LADY WAR-CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA, WOUNDED DURING THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Edinburgh—where, it will be remembered, the Prince of Wales paid a short visit last year—or when receiving the great Tory world at Montagu House, Whitehall, the Duchess keeps up the noble traditions of her own and of her husband's race; indeed, she is said to be one of the very few really exclusive hostesses left in Society, both the American and the cosmopolitan financial elements which have become so fused with our social life being at her receptions conspicuous by their absence. In the pretty young Countess of Dalkeith, once Lady Margaret Bridgeman, the Duchess has a daughter-in-law after her own heart. Lord Dalkeith is the only one of her five sons who has as yet entered the holy bonds of matrimony, and her second daughter is also still unmarried.

The Heroine of Mafeking.

Lady Sarah Wilson will go down to history as the heroine of Mafeking, brilliant, resourceful Baden-Powell having filled the part of hero. I am sorry to hear that considerable anxiety is felt by the plucky lady's large circle of relations and friends apropos of the fact that she has been wounded. Even a slight injury of the kind is to be much deplored when received under the peculiar conditions which must attend even the best-regulated besieged town. Fortunately, Lady Sarah is not, even in this beleaguered city, without feminine friends, quite a band of plucky Englishwomen having early elected to share the dangers and perils of their dear ones. It is to be hoped that Lady Sarah, in common with at least some fifty of her journalistic *confrères*, is keeping a careful diary of all that goes on from day to day. I hear that already more than one publisher has tried to communicate with her, for, as was shown by the bright letters published last autumn by the *Daily Mail*, she also shares in no small measure the brilliant literary gifts of her two brothers, the late Duke of Marlborough and Lord Randolph Churchill.

It is a rather curious fact that, at the present time, the Churchill family is better represented in South Africa than any other of our great nobility, for, in addition to Lady Sarah Wilson, to Lady Randolph Churchill, to the latter's two sons, and to the Duke of Marlborough himself, Lady Wimborne, Lady Tweedmouth, and the Duchess of Roxburghe have all sons at "the front," and Viscount Curzon—who is, of course, Lady Sarah's brother-in-law—was one of the first "yeomen" M.P.'s to place his sword at the disposal of his country.

The Lord Privy Seal.

Lord Cross would have been the Minister with the Queen during the first part of Her Majesty's stay at Bordighera. The veteran statesman is a great favourite with his Sovereign, and she always likes to have him about her when possible, for the Lord Privy Seal is also the Queen's

confidential adviser with regard to her personal property. Gifted with Lancashire tact and smartness, Lord Cross is a thorough man of business, and it may safely be said that Her Majesty never makes an investment or purchases land without taking his advice. The scheme, now carried out, by which the old road alongside Osborne was thrown into the Queen's demesne, in exchange for another road and a grant of money to the East Cowes authorities, was initiated by Lord Cross. In the same way, he superintends all the business details connected with Balmoral.

The Navy and its Ruler.

Mr. Goschen surprised his friends and disappointed his foes by the speech in which he submitted the Naval Budget. On his great day, as a rule, he is high-falutin'. He shouts "Rule Britannia," and flourishes the flag in the face of Europe. The temptation to do so on this occasion was great, but was resisted. Mr. Goschen merely pointed, as it were, to the flag. It is there; Europe knows our strength, he said. This change of tone was by no means due to timidity. It was the result of the nation's mastery over itself. Mr. Goschen's speech, though calm, was dauntless in its confidence, and the House of Commons thoroughly shared his spirit when he scorned the programmes of Continental Powers. These programmes were only gigantic in respect of the expenditure over a large number of years. In the new financial year our expenditure on construction will be fully equal to that of France and Russia combined, and we can build cheaper and quicker than France for an equal amount of money. "The Old Man of the Sea," as a colleague dubbed Mr. Goschen, renewed his reputation as a statesman by his speech, and its success was shown by the confidence with which it inspired the whole House. Liberals, like Sir William Harcourt, who had come to criticise, remained only to cheer. Technical criticism in detail was spun out over two nights by a House which has nothing particular to do, but the programme of the Government in its main features was almost unchallenged.

Colonel Horace Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O.

In connection with the recent fighting at Paardeberg (which culminated so gloriously in the capitulation of Cronjé) conspicuous service was rendered by Colonel Horace Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O., of the Derbyshire Regiment. At the head of a mixed force (among which the Canadian Contingent occupied a prominent place), he co-operated with General Kelly-Kenny in the early stages of that officer's pursuit of the Boer Commandant. Reaching the Paardeberg Drift on the 20th ult., he crossed the river, and gradually worked his way round to the north of the enemy's laager. Here his brigade was almost continuously engaged for the greater part of the week that was occupied in accomplishing the submission of the Boer force. Colonel Smith-Dorrien comes of a military family, as his father was the late Colonel Smith, of Haresfoot, Herts. On his marriage with a Miss Dorrien, he added his wife's name to his own. The present Colonel Smith-Dorrien entered the



COLONEL SMITH-DORRIEN, D.S.O., OF THE DERBYSHIRE REGIMENT.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Army in 1876, and was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel in May 1898. On Jan. 1, 1899, he became full Colonel. His "D.S.O." was awarded him for good services rendered with the Soudan Frontier Field Force in 1885-6. In addition to wearing the Egyptian medal and Khedivial Star, Colonel Smith-Dorrien is decorated for the Zululand and North-West Frontier Campaigns.

London's Lady-smith Carnival.

Has London gone mad? This is the question which may have occurred to the oft-referred-to "intelligent foreigner" who witnessed the scenes of frenzied excitement in the City and the West-End on March 1, when the news of the Relief of Ladysmith arrived. "Mad as a March Hare" might even have escaped his lips if he had seen City merchants waving their glossy hats with joy, and fluttering Union Jacks with boyish glee. The air was filled with hats, "Rule, Britannia," and "God Save the Queen." But there was more in these exuberantly high spirits than met the eye. The wonderful exhibition of buoyant enthusiasm, its sincerity and spontaneity, extraordinary maybe to those who do not understand ordinarily self-contained and quiet Englishmen, were but part and parcel of that indomitable national pluck which carried Pieter's Hill in face of a deadly hail of Boer bullets, and which virtually reopened Ladysmith to the British.

The Students' Demonstration.

The West-End will long remember the striking procession of students who commemorated, not Lady Day, but Relief-of-Ladysmith Day, in well-ordered fashion. I believe the idea sprang up in the Royal School of Mines. Be that as it may, hundreds of students from the cluster of South Kensington Colleges swiftly assembled, and, headed by a banner held by two strong-armed members of the Royal College of Music, Mr. Behr and Mr. P. Lewis, Captain and Vice-Captain respectively of the College Football Club, marched in regimental order through the chief thoroughfares. Halting first at the golden Albert Memorial, they sang in heart-rousing style "Rule, Britannia," and the National Anthem; then paid homage to Mr. Chamberlain in Prince's Gardens, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, on behalf of the Colonial Secretary, thanking the fervent young patriots and patriotesses (for there were several girl art-students in the line). There was a similar halt opposite the residence of Lady White, whose daughters evidently felt the compliment deeply; they lustily cheered in passing the military clubs, Buckingham Palace, Marlborough House, the War Office, and Foreign Office. In fine, nothing could have been conducted better than this notable patriotic demonstration. At night there were less orderly celebrations of the occasion. The shouts and blowing of trumpets, and occasional ugly rushes of "roughs," made it politic for *The Sketch* man to seek a quiet haven in the "Gambinus," where the "Lager King" sells the best of Munich beer. No peace even there! In burst a crowd of medical students, full of flaming patriotism, and, led by a brave Union-Jack-bearer, mounted the tables, shouted "Rule, Britannia," and "God Save the Queen" with deafening vigour, and lustily cheered Buller, White, and — the Kaiser! Whereupon, a national song of Germany was trolled out with undoubted feeling. It was a merry evening.

It is only within the last few days that we have been able (owing to the recent publication of the entire casualty-list) to properly appreciate the severity of the first forty-eight hours' fighting that took place at Paardeberg prior to the surrender of Cronjé. During this brief period the

enemy were engaged by the Highland Brigade almost without intermission. As a natural consequence, the losses sustained by the gallant Scots on this occasion were exceptionally heavy. Among those who had the misfortune to be wounded was Lieutenant Henry C. Macdonald, of the 1st Battalion the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He joined his regiment in May 1890, and has accordingly now completed

about ten years' service. Lieutenant Gervase Thorpe, of the battalion, who was wounded during the same two days' hot fighting at Paardeberg between Feb. 16 and 18, joined the Army in September 1897. Hence, he has been called upon to shed his blood for his country at a somewhat early stage in his career. Fortunately, his wound is not described as "serious," and I trust, accordingly, that the young officer is already on the high-road to recovery.

Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby. The *Morning Post*, so well managed and well edited by Mr. Peacock

and Mr. Dunn respectively, has gone ahead considerably of late, by reason of the good service of its War-Correspondents, not the least smart of whom is the clever young son of Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill. The *Post* experienced a sad loss when Mr. Knight lost his arm through a battle-wound, but speedily found a capable successor at Modder River in Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby, the accomplished son of Major-General J. Prevost Battersby. Mr. Battersby, who is with Lord Roberts' Army, and doubtless rendering signal service to his paper, is unusually well qualified for his present position, from the fact that he was educated at the Woolwich and Sandhurst Military Academies and obtained a commission in the 1st Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, and possesses much literary ability, as displayed of fiction. An adept at hockey, he played four times for South against North. Good luck to Mr. Battersby!

Father and Son "V.C."

I think it is a record in the annals of the British Army for father and son to have both gained that much-coveted decoration, the Victoria Cross. Field-Marshal Lord Roberts (whose capture of Cronjé made us all rejoice last week) won his when only a Lieutenant, at the time of the Indian Mutiny, when he rescued a standard from two Sepoys at Khodagunge, on

Jan. 2, 1858; whilst his gallant son was awarded (alas! too late to know it) the Cross a few days after his death last December. It is a peculiar coincidence that, at the Siege of Delhi, Lord Roberts (then Lieutenant Roberts) was wounded, and nearly lost his life, helping his men to limber the guns and bring them out of action, whilst his only son, also Lieutenant Roberts, should be wounded some forty-odd years afterwards in doing a similarly daring action in South Africa. The father happily recovered, but the son unfortunately succumbed to his wounds. Be sure our tender-hearted Queen spoke words of deepest sympathy and solace (as well as of congratulation on Lord Roberts' success) to Lady Roberts and her daughter on their recent visit to Windsor Castle, where Her Majesty conferred upon the wife of the veteran Marshal the Royal Order of the Crown of India.



MR. H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY,
Correspondent for the "Morning Post" with Lord Roberts' Forces. Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.



LIEUT. G. THORPE, ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, WOUNDED AT PAARDEBERG.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.



LIEUT. MACDONALD, ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, WOUNDED AT PAARDEBERG.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Another of "the Best" Gone.

The "Empress of India's Lancers" are the poorer by the death of Captain the Hon. Raymond H. L. J. de Montmorency, V.C., who was killed at Schoeman's Farm on the 24th ult. while leading his Scouts. It is the fashion just now to decry the ability of the British Tommy in scouting, but



MAJOR RECKITT, R.A.M.C., COMMANDING NO. 4 BEARER COMPANY WITH GENERAL HILDYARD, AND MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES OF FEB. 3.

Photo by Wyrall and Son, Aldershot.

Captain de Montmorency was "second to none" in this respect, and with the corps he organised had done splendid work with General Gatacre's force. The eldest son of a distinguished soldier, General Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, K.C.B., his mother the daughter of a Field-Marshal, Sir John Michel, G.C.B., Raymond de Montmorency was born at Montreal in 1867, and joined the Lincolnshire Regiment in September 1887, being within a few days transferred to the then 21st Hussars as Second-Lieutenant. Two years after he was promoted Lieutenant, becoming Adjutant later on. In 1896 he was Aide-de-Camp to Lord Elgin, the then Governor-General of India, and in 1898 he gained his "V.C." at Khartoum with the gallant 21st, for his attempt to rescue Lieutenant Grenfell from the hands of the Dervishes. Among the many officers who have fallen victims to the present war, not one is more sincerely mourned than the brave young Captain of Lancers, whose brother, Captain the Hon. Willoughby J. H. de Montmorency, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, but now attached to the Egyptian Army, succeeds him as heir to the title.

"The Havercake Lads."

The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment has been peculiarly in evidence of late, yet one felt some surprise on seeing in a recent issue of the dailies a long list of casualties of the famous old 33rd with General Kelly-Kenny's force, and in another column an account of the gallant storming of various hills near Arundel by West Riding men in General Clements' command. The explanation lies in the fact that, while the 1st West Riding is with Kelly-Kenny in the Free State, a Mounted Infantry detachment is, with a portion of the Inniskilling Dragoons, some Australians, and the Eastern Province Horse, forming a sort of scratch mounted brigade under General Clements. As showing the value of Mounted Infantry, while early in the operations the West Ridings surprised and routed the Boer pickets, later on they were storming kopjes on foot.

The West Riding Regiment has the unique distinction of being the only regiment in the Service named after a personage not of royal birth. Raised in 1702, it saw long and varied war-service on the Continent and in America, and under its then Colonel, the future "Iron Duke," was at the Waal and Bremen in 1795. Under the command of

Colonel Wellesley it went to India a year or two later, and fought with distinction at Malavelly and Seringapatam. After further service in the Mauritius, at Stralsund, and in Holland, it was at Quatre Bras and Waterloo in Halkett's Brigade, and formed part of the Army of Occupation in Paris. It fought throughout the Crimean War in the Light Division, and detachments of the regiment served during the Mutiny. At the storming of Magdala two soldiers of the 33rd won "V.C.'s" for being first in the citadel. The Duke of Wellington always considered his old corps a model regiment, and, as a mark of special honour, on his death, in 1852, the "Havercake Lads" received the crest, motto, and title of the great Commander. The Duke's motto, *Virtutis fortuna comes* ("Fortune is the companion of valour"), has once again been proved true by the representatives of his old regiment. The Commander of the 33rd is Lieutenant-Colonel G. E. Lloyd, D.S.O., one of the most distinguished officers of his rank in the Service.

The late Lieutenant D. B. Monypenny.

Lieutenant D. B. Monypenny, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who lost his life at Paardeberg, joined his regiment as recently as last October. An old Fettes College boy, and one of the finest all-round athletes that school ever produced, his name has now to be added to the black list of distinguished exponents of our national sports who have fallen on the battlefields of South Africa. D. B. Monypenny was regarded as the finest schoolboy sprinter in Scotland, and as a half-back had few equals. He was a stylish and effective cricketer, and carried all before him in the gymnastic competitions of his College. Last year it may be recalled, he played for Scotland in the international match at Blackheath, and on that occasion was "capped" by the Rugby Union.

Wounded Generals.

Under ordinary circumstances, it is seldom that officers of General's rank have the misfortune to receive wounds in action. Their lives are rightly considered to be far too valuable to the troops whose movements they direct to permit of their exposing themselves to the dangers of a chance bullet. Hence they are required to, as far as possible, occupy positions of comparative immunity. Nevertheless, a number of officers of this rank have, during the progress of the present war, already had the misfortune to fall victims to Boer bullets. Among such readily occur the names of Penn Symons, Woodgate, Wauchope, and Macdonald, and now there must be added to these that of Major-General A. S. Wynne, C.B., who was wounded during Buller's last advance across the Tugela. He went out to Natal only in October last, being transferred there from Aldershot, in order to take up the appointment of Deputy-Adjutant-General on the Staff of the First Army Corps. Previous to taking part



MAJOR-GENERAL WYNNE, WOUNDED DURING GENERAL BULLER'S LAST AND SUCCESSFUL ADVANCE ACROSS THE TUGELA.

Photo by Knight, Aldershot.

in the present campaign, General Wynne had seen active service in Afghanistan, the Transvaal, and Egypt. As a regimental officer he was long associated with the old 51st Light Infantry (now the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry), which he joined so long ago as 1863.

Princess Christian Hospital.

Knit together by an involuntary feeling of common sympathy, Rich and Poor alike in this country are generously doing their best to mitigate the horrors of the War in so far as bringing the wounded back to health goes. *The Sketch* has already related how H.R.H. Princess Christian graciously consented to give her name to the superbly equipped hospital which Mr. Alfred Mosely has organised, and paid for out of his own pocket. Before this big-hearted friend of Cecil Rhodes departed with the staff and the materials of the hospital for the Cape, he conceived the happy notion of giving the surgeons and nurses "going South" a delightful entertainment at his fine old Elizabethan country-house, West Lodge, Hadley Wood. There couldn't have been a more hospitable "send-off" than that with which Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mosely cheered their hearts. God-speed to the Princess Christian Hospital, to the generous donor, and the devoted staff!

A Remarkable Savage Club Dinner.

Journalists should muster strongly at next Saturday's Savage Club symposium, for four of the newest Editors of mark are then to be entertained—a welcome compliment which the Savages so gracefully pay now and again. The gentlemen in question are of well-proved excellence, and of high repute in the profession they adorn. They are Mr. George Byron Curtis, of the *Standard*; Mr. William Senior, of the *Field*; the Mr. Fisher who succeeded Mr. Massingham on the *Daily Chronicle*; and the other Mr. Fisher, who ably represents the *Northern Whig*.

Left the German Army for the East Kent Yeomanry.

One of the most notable illustrations brought to my notice of the intensity of the spirit of patriotism and kinship which is now animating the British Empire might have been entitled "The Strange Case of Lieutenant Granville Baker." He has contributed military articles to *The Sketch*, so I can vouch for the facts.



LIEUTENANT GRANVILLE BAKER,

A well-known "Sketch" Contributor, going to "the Front" in the East Kent Yeomanry. Photo by Searle Bros., Brompton Road, S.W.

considerately dated the commission some few years back. Lieutenant Granville Baker performed his duties in the German Army with zeal and ability for four years. Then came the Boer War. Lieutenant Baker's patriotism conquered. He resigned his lieutenancy in the 9th Prussian Hussars, and, receiving a commission through Lord Harris in the East Kent Yeomanry, has left in the *Cymric* for the Cape. With a record of such varied experience, Lieutenant Granville Baker is sure to acquit himself right well in the South African War.

Tommy to Arthur Collins.

A bit of an Artist himself, Mr. Arthur Collins was naturally interested in the embellished envelope I have the privilege to reproduce. In the emblazoned envelope was a letter which bore a tribute to the popularity of Drury Lane pantomime doubtless most gratifying to the energetic Manager. It was written, in a neat, copper-plate hand, by a member of the Army Service Corps in the Modder River Camp, and the writer said: "Not being able to take the little ones to Old Drury to see this year's pantomime, I beg respectfully to ask if you would kindly send to the undermentioned a copy each of your book, 'Jack and the Beanstalk.'" I don't think I err in adding that in all probability Mr. Collins invited the youngsters to see Dan Leno and "Jack and the Beanstalk" for themselves into the bargain.

"Wang." All lovers of animals will be interested in this dog, a black Chow called "Wang," not only because a black Chow is a rarity in this country, but also because of its association with the great name of Gordon. When the Commander of the

Ever-Victorious Army was recalled from China to go on his fatal mission to Khartoum, he brought away with him from the Flowery Land three puppies of the scarce and valuable black Chow breed. On arriving at Gibraltar, the General presented "Wang," one of the dogs, to Miss Adye, a daughter of Sir John Adye, then in command at the



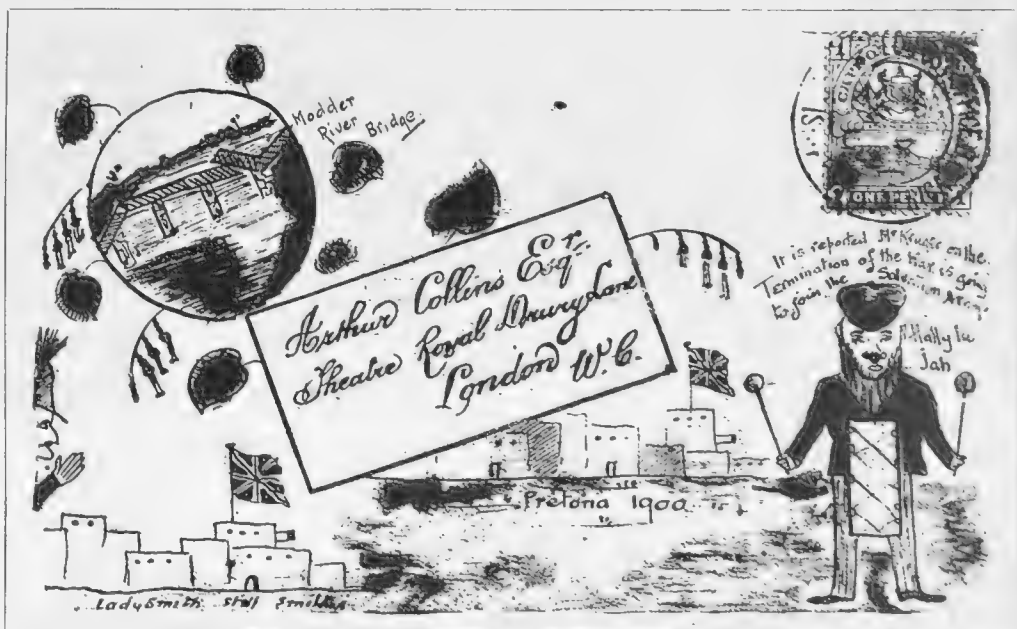
"WANG." OF THE DOVER GORDON BOYS' ORPHANAGE.

Photo by Weston and Son, Dover.

"Rock," and an old friend of Gordon's. Later, when this lady left Gibraltar, on her husband receiving a Staff appointment in London, the dog was given to Major Molyneux-Seel, of the King's Liverpool Regiment, who afterwards handed it over to the Dover Gordon Boys' Orphanage, where it still lives in great honour, though now very old, deaf, and lame. One of the boys of the Orphanage is detailed to take special charge of it.

Miss Clara Butt.

Miss Clara Butt, the famous contralto singer, whose portrait I have much pleasure in printing, possesses as delightful a personality in private life as she does on the concert-platform, and it rarely falls to the lot of any really successful individual to be so popular as is Miss Butt with the members of her own profession. Unlike most of our home song-birds, she early realised that the best of musical tuition could be obtained in her native country quite as effectually, if not more so, as in France and Italy. Accordingly, she soon became the show-pupil of the Royal College of Music, where, even as a student, her great musical abilities and exquisite voice attracted the attention of Royalty—indeed, she made her début in the R.C.M. students' performance of "Orfeo," which took place at the Lyceum Theatre in the December of 1892, and at which the Prince of Wales was present. During the last seven years, Miss Butt's career has been one long triumph, but success has not spoiled her. She is never happier than when leading a quiet country life in her beautiful native county of Sussex, and driving has remained the greatest pleasure of her life and her favourite form of recreation.



FACSIMILE OF A TOMMY ATKINS' SKETCH ON AN ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO THE MANAGER OF DRURY LANE THEATRE FROM MODDER RIVER CAMP.

Miss Nancy Hervyn was formerly a well-known member of Messrs. W. Greet's and George Edwardes' companies. She, like many other actress-wives of our "orf'cer bhoys," is compelled to return home, and her reappearance may be looked for at an early date.

Miss Alice Oppitz, who was recently one of the chief "boys" in Mr. G. B. Phillips's "Puss in Boots" pantomime, at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, is not only one of the handsomest and most shapely young ladies on the British stage, but is very bright and clever to boot. Both as actress and singer she has rendered valuable service to Mr. D'Oyly Carte's touring companies, and Mr. Carte is not slow to detect talent nor is he quick to engage people who cannot do anything. Miss Oppitz, who is still very young, is going to make a name in the profession she has adopted.

The Mad Parisian. The state of things in Paris has passed the mildly humorous stage and become positively insupportable to English tourists. When the lights were somewhat low in the Transvaal, they danced with glee, howled at the English, insulted in song and caricature the Queen and the soldier. Since Lord Roberts has turned on the limelight their hatred has increased. It is no question of

gold by Dr. Leyds) to stop this senseless crusade against their old allies, the British, whom Parisians will be only too glad to welcome to the Exhibition.

Philippe. Among the Royalist Party in France there is positive consternation at the publication of the Simon Tappetit kind of letter that the Duc d'Orléans addressed to the artist Willette, after the too notorious "V'là les English." There had always been a strong feeling of attachment between the members of the exiled French Monarchy and the English Royal Family, and the Emperor of Austria, the concierge of European Royal houses, has especially watched with care over the continuance of these good relations. Few people possibly know that the Duc de Nemours was one of the most zealous suitors for the hand of Her Majesty the Queen. That there was more than met the eye in the prosecution of Déroulède and his acolytes seems proved by the departure of Philippe for Spain, where Déroulède is on the eve of the publication of this note. Mr. Rowland Strong, who first gave the story to the world in the columns of the *St. James's Gazette*, was for many years Correspondent in Berlin and in Paris of the *Morning Post*, a position he retired from to take over the Correspondence of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Observer*. It was he who secured the Esterhazy confessions that played so large a part in influencing public



MISS NANCY HERVYN, A CLEVER LITTLE ACTRESS WHOSE HUSBAND IS AT THE WAR.

Photo by Cleary, Kingston, Jamaica.

a victory—it is a "massacre," and I am sorry to say, from the deepness of my heart, that General Cronjé is regarded as a hero by them. He is a hero in one sense of the word, and that is why I am sorry for him, because, as sure as *The Sketch* is called *The Sketch*, before a week is out they will have discovered that he was a *vendu* and a traitor. For the moment, it is decided that he shall be presented with a sword of honour by the French public, and a similar tribute is to be paid to Villebois Mareuil of impaired-digestion fame. Well and good! The cost of a sword of honour is about covered by the usual subscription got up by the local townsfolk on the retirement of the village constable, and I am sure that General Cronjé, as a stern Christian, will hand down to his children with pleasure that sword and say, "It was given me by the readers of *L'Intransigeant*, a journal in which the name of the Deity was never alluded to except in disgusting terms."

English in Paris. The British Colony in Paris (continues my friend) can afford to laugh at these ebullitions of French lunacy in celebrating Lord Roberts' victory over Cronjé and Buller's relief of Sir George White at Ladysmith. Meanwhile, trade is being paralysed by the abstention of the wealthy English, and the cry of the more serious Frenchman comes from the heart when he implores his feather-brained countrymen (and the venal Press, bought with Transvaal



MISS ALICE OPPITZ AS LAZULI IN "THE LUCKY STAR," LATELY "PRINCIPAL BOY" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW CROSS.

Photo by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.

opinion in the Dreyfus case. His hobby is fencing, and he has the reputation of being one of the best swordsmen in Paris.

Duval Decorated. The decoration with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour of the son of the founder of the famous Paris Restaurants Duval recalls many memories. No man ever stumbled into a colossal fortune in the way that old Duval did. He had a small bouillon in the Rue Coquillière, and one day it struck him that many of his customers might like to eat their soup and meat on the premises instead of having to take it away and re-warm it. As the old man was always at the Halles at daybreak, and bought the best of everything, the fame of his house spread. When he established the famous central house in the Rue Montesquieu, he almost lost all his fortune by an error. It was thirty years ago, and aerated waters were coming into vogue. He conceived a plan by which these waters could be served at every table by taps from a system of pipes that encircled the whole buildings. Naturally, this gigantic siphon was a deadly failure. To the last day of his life he retained all the simple good-nature of the countryman. Once, when he met Napoleon III. at the Tuileries, in connection with some fête, the little Prince Imperial came in. "Le Père Duval" picked up the lad and kissed him, to the horror of the flunkys. The Emperor only smiled, and gave the old gentleman a hearty grip of the hand when he left.

Islington's Phoenix. There are certainly lucky and unlucky theatres—I mean, with regard to the buildings themselves, not the financial careers of their various managers. The Grand, Islington, may well be regarded as an unlucky house. Many of us are old enough to remember the Philharmonic Music Hall that flourished on the site of the Grand something over thirty years ago. At the end of 1870 the Philharmonic Music Hall developed, under the management of Messrs. Head and Morton, into the Philharmonic Theatre, and with that house is associated one of the greatest successes ever achieved by opera-bouffe in London. “Geneviève de Brabant,” with Miss Emily Soldene, drew the town, so admirably was the house appointed, so excellently was the opera staged, so delightfully was it acted, and Islington crowds became familiar with West-End audiences, which night after night arrived in hansoms and well-appointed carriages to admire Soldene and Sara.

For a good many years the Philharmonic was more or less successful; then it fell a prey to the devouring element in September 1882. A new and handsome house rose upon its ashes, and was opened in the autumn of 1883. Its existence was brief. It was burned down in December 1887—some good folks observed, as a judgment for having lent itself to the historic performance of Shelley’s “Cenci” in the previous year, in which Mr. Vezin and Miss Alma Murray scored so heavily, and which was witnessed by most of the literary and theatrical celebrities in London. Another year elapsed, and in December 1888 a new Grand



INTERIOR OF THE GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON, AFTER THE FIRE.

opened its doors to the public. It has lived to see rivals springing up like mushrooms in every outlying part of London, and now, like its predecessors, it has fallen a victim to the flames. It was destroyed on Monday morning, Feb. 26, happily not during a performance of “Hearts are Trumps,” which was in the evening bill. Visitors to the Grand will be interested in the three photographs of the fire and its result.

Underground Waterloo.

The enormous increase of traffic at Waterloo Station must, before long, result in alterations at the terminus of the London and South-Western Railway Company. It is a fact that the Directors have acquired the land on the south of the station, but, pending the erection of new dwellings for the evicted tenants, no work can be commenced. I have it, however, on the best authority that a stupendous scheme is under consideration, and that is to convert the entire station into an underground terminus. This would not only relieve the present congestion, but do away with the hilly and often dangerous approaches. The lines would, by easy gradients, emerge into the upper air somewhere about Clapham. Moreover, a grand hotel is much needed on the south side of the river over the new station. The idea seems excellent, and with such trusty men as Colonel Campbell, Sir Charles, and Mr. E. A. Owens, the General Manager, at the head of affairs, would undoubtedly, if carried out, be realised in thorough fashion.

I am requested to state that the reappearance in London of Miss Edna May as the heroine of Messrs. Kerker and Morton’s new musical piece may be expected at a West-End theatre in May. Mr. T. B. Davis has arranged to pay Miss May a salary of £100, so that the sweet songstress who delighted us all as “The Belle of New York” will be receiving the honorarium offered to a Prime Minister in this country.

SARAH BERNHARDT AND HER NEW PLAY, “L’AIGLON.”

[SPECIAL INTERVIEW FOR “THE SKETCH.”]

The Great Sarah's Industry.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt as a worker is one of the wonders of the world. Her fountain of vitality seems inexhaustible. She has lately returned to Paris from a tour in Holland, Italy, Austria, and Spain. I had a pleasant half-hour with her at her sumptuous hôtel in the Boulevard Pereire. In the library, on the shelves, among hundreds of books of all sizes, triumph the pale-rose tinted bindings of ten volumes of Alfred de Musset, and beside several editions of Racine is a collection of rare engravings by Albrecht Dürer. Scattered about on small ornamental tables and whatnots were quaint *bibelots*, Chinese nicknacks, and Japanese dolls.

Madame Bernhardt takes in “The Sketch.”

I caught a sight of *The Sketch* among the journalistic confusion, indicating that Sarah keeps herself *au courant*. I could scarcely repress a cry of admiration when the great actress entered the library, where I awaited her. In her zouave morning-jacket of soft white silk, her golden hair in a tumult, rosy and smiling with joyous exuberance of spirits, she appeared as buoyant as though she had just returned from a restful holiday in the country.

“Madame,” said I, “your freshness surprises me, after four months of travelling and acting all around Europe.”

With a merry laugh, she replied, “My tours are my vacations. Here, in Paris, life is a fever of monotonous excitement—study, business, visits, receptions, rehearsals—not a moment to oneself. And there is a delight in travelling in other countries, especially when one meets with exquisite courtesies and adds largely to one’s banking account. It isn’t all tourists who can do that. I was amazed at my

SUCCESS IN THE SMALL TOWNS OF SPAIN.

At Valladolid, for instance, where few persons speak French, we received seventeen thousand francs at one representation; at Bilbao, thirty-two thousand in two performances; and at Barcelona the vast theatre was crowded every night. At Lisbon, after the performance, the students unharnessed the horses from my carriage and drew me—though I protested—up and down the hills to the Duchess of Palmela’s, where I was to meet a party at supper. After I thanked and bade them ‘Good-night,’ they insisted on my appearing on the balcony, where I tore my bouquets to pieces and showered the flowers on their heads.

“When we reached Vienna, where we stayed two weeks, playing to excellent houses,” continued Madame Bernhardt, “I devoted a good part of my leisure time—no rehearsals, thank goodness, which wear me out more than performances—to studying

MY RÔLE IN ‘L’AIGLON.’

You are aware, of course, that ‘L’Aiglon’ refers to the son of Napoleon I., and means ‘The Eaglet.’ The eagles of the hero of Austerlitz are naturally the inspiration for the title. I assume the title-rôle, and, as the life of the Duc de Reichstadt—the little King of Rome, he was sometimes called—was spent almost entirely in Austria, and as the action of the play takes place in the Royal Castle at Schoenbrunn, I was anxious to take advantage of my visit to Vienna to absorb as much *couleur locale* as possible.

M. ROSTAND,

the author of the drama, joined me there, and we did not lose time, I assure you. We took quite a hundred photos and sketches of nooks and corners of Schoenbrunn, and explored the neighbourhood thoroughly. At Budapest, an obliging acquaintance had manufactured expressly for me a duplicate of the curved sword of the Duc de Reichstadt. I may tell you that all the costumes I wear were made in Austria, from sketches, under my personal superintendence. I spent quite two hours a-day with the costumiers and needlewomen.”

“Is your part a long one?” I ventured to inquire.

“Yes; I am hardly ever absent from the stage. It is about the length of Hamlet, which is reputed to be the longest part in the whole range of the drama,” said Madame. “I have begged M. Rostand to cut down a few of the speeches, and he has done so with reluctance, as clever authors do not care to part with the glowing words they have put together with much care and deep thought. ‘L’Aiglon,’ to my mind, is a masterpiece.”

“Have you cast the play to your satisfaction?”

“Entirely! Mlle. Legault will be charming as Marie Louise, as she will act the Queen with grace and distinction; and she has taken a violent fancy to the character, and that is a good point. When she saw the costume she is to wear, she cried, ‘The part is half played!’ She is a firm believer in the help of fine, appropriate costumes on the stage, especially for ladies, and La Legault has always been admired not only for her beauty, but for her exquisite taste in dress. The Prince de Metternich is in the hands of M. Calmette, a sound, experienced actor, who knows his business *au fond*. I have cast M. Guitry, a prime favourite of the public, in the rôle of an antique, bronzed, weather-beaten veteran Grenadier. The play, I forgot to say, is in six acts, and in verse. M. Rostand and I differed in some respects as to its being in verse, but, as

HE IS A GREAT POET,

he, of course, had his way. I fancy I am stronger in straightforward, level prose than in the rippling cadences of verse; but I shall do my best.”

Just then Madame’s carriage was announced, and, bidding me a hasty adieu, it was not long before she was on her way to a rehearsal.

HOWARD PAUL.

THE FIRE AT THE GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.



VIEW OF THE FRONT ENTRANCE, SHOWING THE "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS" POSTER.



VIEW OF THE FIRE FROM THE BACK OF THE THEATRE.

THE SCOTS GREYS AND THEIR WOUNDED.

A REGIMENTAL POSER.

SPEAKING generally, the Scots Greys (otherwise, the Second Dragoons) is a regiment that is available only for duty at home. For this reason it is not placed on the "foreign-service roster," and hence its opportunities for distinguishing itself on the field of battle are few and far between. Indeed, until its selection for service the other

THERE is no lack at the present time of self-elected and confident military critics and "experts," of censors of the War Office administration, and of judges of the capabilities or otherwise of our Generals in South Africa. To these enlightened military adepts, however, as well as, I suspect, to the majority of readers of *The Sketch*,



SECOND-LIEUTENANT W. LONG, OF THE SCOTS GREYS, WOUNDED DURING GENERAL FRENCH'S DASHING RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY.

day in South Africa, it had not been in action since the Crimean Campaign of four-and-forty years ago. During the few weeks, however, in which it has been at the Cape, it has made itself conspicuous for its gallantry. Thus, in General French's recent successful dash upon Kimberley, the Greys had three officers wounded (one of whom has since died), three troopers killed, and six others wounded. Among the wounded on this occasion was Second-Lieutenant W. Long. He is the son of the Right Hon. Walter Hume Long, President of the Board of Agriculture, his mother being a daughter of the Earl of Cork and Orrery.

the following query, addressed to the editor of a provincial journal, will prove a poser: "Would you kindly let me know," asked an importunate correspondent, "the percentage of the three nationalities—English, Irish, and Scotch—in the following regiments: Scots Greys, Black Watch, Gordon Highlanders, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Seaforths, and 5th Northumbrian Fusiliers?" The querist desired a reply in the five-o'clock edition of the paper on the day he posted his inquiry. The arithmetical solution, it is hardly surprising, was, the "newspaper man" had reluctantly to admit, beyond his capacity.



MISS MAUD HOBSON, WHO PLAYS LADY PUNCESTOWN IN "THE MESSENGER BOY," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS BERYL FABER, WHO PLAYED A PROMINENT PART IN "THE CANARY," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photo by Langster, Old Bond Street, W.



MISS ANNIE RUSSELL AS "MISS HOBBS" IN THE AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF MR. JEROME'S COMEDY.

Photo by Sarony, New York.



MISS LILY BRAYTON, THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ACTRESS WHO PLAYS THE SECOND LEADING PARTS IN THE BENSON COMPANY.

From a Photograph.



MAJOR-GENERAL KNOX, WOUNDED AT PAARDEBERG WHILE IN COMMAND OF THE 13TH BRIGADE.

Colonel C. E. Knox (who was appointed to the command of the 13th Brigade for active service in South-Africa about a couple of months ago) is, while serving in the field, invested with the "local" rank of Major-General. Although it is only a few weeks since he arrived at the Cape, he has already taken part in a great deal of fighting. Until two or three weeks ago, however, he had the good-fortune to emerge from every action in which he was engaged without a scratch. At Paardeberg, however (where, by the way, the gallant Hector Macdonald was also wounded), his spell of good-luck was interrupted, as here a Boer sharpshooter managed to hit him. Lord Roberts wired that the wound was a severe one in the chest, but that he was "doing well" on Feb. 21. This photograph is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MR. ROBERT TABER, OUR NEXT ACTOR-MANAGER.

His Enthusiasm for his Art—"Up, Up with the Bonnets of 'Bonnie Dundee'!"—Harker, Harford, and Hann excel themselves in Scenery—Claverhouse Whitewashed by Laurence Irving—Taber has Washington and Garibaldi Plays up his Sleeve.

INASMUCH as the list of actor-managers will, by next Saturday, be increased by the addition of Mr. Robert Taber, who then starts business at the Adelphi, it struck me that he ought to be "introduced," as it were, to *Sketch* readers without further delay. Mr. Taber is, as will be seen by his counterfeit presentment herewith, both young and



MR. ROBERT TABER, WHO OPENS HIS SEASON AT THE ADELPHI ON SATURDAY NEXT WITH "BONNIE DUNDEE."

Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

handsome. He has not only a face indicative of braininess and firmness of character, but also a lithe and well-set-up figure. In short, he starts by being physically well-equipped for the more or less gentle art of acting. What is even more important, however, is that Mr. Taber (like Sir Henry Irving, of whose kindness of heart and magnetic qualities he speaks so highly) literally exudes enthusiasm for his art from every pore.

With regard to his opening play—to wit, "Bonnie Dundee," by Mr. Laurence Irving—Mr. Taber, at once waxed even more enthusiastic than he had been hitherto. Without attempting to predict whether the play would be a success, a kind of prediction that would puzzle the most prophetic of prophets—yea, even of the sporting kind—Mr. Taber held that the piece would, anyhow, be found an earnest and honest literary effort, and by no means unworthy of the daring young author of the Lyceum tragedy, "Peter the Great," which was assuredly a remarkable work for a man so young as Laurence Irving. That Mr. Taber has spared no expense in mounting and casting "Bonnie Dundee" is shown in the fact that his fellow-players include Mr. Mackintosh (who will play King James), Mr. Edmund Gurney and Mr. Charles Fulton, for strong character-parts; Mr. John Willes, for low-comedian; Mr. Vincent Sternroyd and Miss Suzanne Sheldon, for the lighter kind of hero and heroine; and Miss Lena Ashwell, for the emotional heroine who is in love with Claverhouse, for which character Mr. Taber has cast himself. The very picturesque scenery necessary for a costume-play of this kind has been prepared by Messrs. W. Harker, W. Harford, and Walter Hann, and will comprise realistic pictures of the Old Tolbooth in Edinburgh, the Hall of Convention, Whitehall (as you see it in Ward's picture of "The Landing of the Prince of Orange"), and the Pass of Killiecrankie during a terrible battle that is raging "off"—as stage directions have it.

Mr. Taber being, as I said, nothing if not enthusiastic, was, I found, armed *cap-à-pie*, so to speak, with all sorts and conditions of authorities and expert opinions touching this same extensively denounced Claverhouse. This bloodthirsty General, or military martyr (according to your point of view), has, I may tell, been to a large extent "whitewashed" for the purposes of Mr. Laurence Irving's latest drama. Thus,

the redoubtable Dundee—always courageous certainly, whether needlessly cruel or not—is, perhaps for the first time, shown to be quite a maligned sort of young person. During the play he gives many examples of his prowess and his unswerving loyalty to the, alas, not always unswervingly loyal James. Indeed, loyalty—not utterly unconnected with a cheery spirit of optimism—is, I gather, the keynote of "Bonnie Dundee."

Mr. Taber, who appears to have neglected no species of study which could throw any light upon the character of Claverhouse, seems to have been led by his multifarious reading in this connection to believe that Macaulay and other severe critics of that dashing General have sorely overstated the case against him. In point of fact, Mr. Taber has persuaded himself that Claverhouse (like a certain Person with whom that warrior was by his enemies supposed to have intimate relations) was by no means so black as he has been painted.

Although this "Bonnie Dundee" play is, I find, full of lively and picturesque material, sandwiched with musical numbers, bell-peal harmony, and so forth, yet it has not been found practicable to give it the conventional happy ending that most playgoers delight to see. It is necessary that the death of Claverhouse in the Ravine of Killiecrankie shall be retained; but this will be shown in such a manner as to afford an example of self-sacrifice amounting (according to "Dundee's" white-washers) to Victory! It would seem that, at this point, the death-scene quoted by Macaulay (by way of the Mackay Memoirs) will be adopted: "How goes the day?" said Dundee. "Well for King James," answered Johnstone, "but I am sorry for your Lordship." "If it is well for him," answered the dying man, "it matters the less for me."

Inasmuch as no actor-manager in these days can dare to start in business without being well-equipped with plays, Mr. Taber has taken care to lay in "stock," as it were. One of these plays is "D'Arey of the Guards," a comedy written by Mr. Taber's fellow-American citizen, Mr. Evan Shipman, and dealing with the time of America's rebellion against England, when the unadulteratedly truthful George Washington made things warm for us. The other play is a melodrama written by another American, Mr. Lorimer Stoddart to wit, author of the American adaptation of "Tess o' the D'Urbervilles," played around the States by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. This melodrama would appear to be of a greatly daring kind, for it deals with the Garibaldi wars, and is not utterly unconnected with the secret doings of the Carbonari.

Knowing Mr. Taber's love for what one of Dickens's characters calls "The Bard of A1," and knowing that, although still young, he had, in his native land, played many of the most difficult Shaksperian characters, ranging from Prince Hal to Malvolio, I sought to "draw" him as to whether he intended to follow up his great success as Macduff with some



MR. ROBERT TABER AS MACDUFF, ONE OF HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL IMPERSONATIONS.

Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

important venture in this connection. I added that, of course, we should all expect him to show us what his Hamlet is like. On these points Mr. Taber simply turned upon me that well-known Irvingesque, mysterious smile, which he seems to have caught from his first English chief and helper, Sir Henry.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.



MISS CLARA BUTT, THE FAMOUS CONTRALTO SINGER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THE LANGMAN HOSPITAL.

THIS hospital, which consists of one hundred beds, with marquees and thirty-five tents, has left in the *Oriental* for South Africa. The hospital, unlike other civil ones, is not a base-hospital, but is going to "the front," where its services are greatly needed.

The greatest thought and care have been bestowed on its equipment, and no expense spared to provide, not only the most complete outfit of

Portman Square. On the entry of the Duke of Cambridge, the staff was called to order by Major O'C. Drury, R.A.M.C., the military officer in command. The Duke carefully inspected the men, and the medical officers were presented to him. The Duke then, in a short speech, congratulated the staff on having the opportunity of serving their Queen and Country in South Africa. Though the news recently received had been more cheering, he still feared that there would be many occasions for them to render services both to the wounded and to the sick, and he



Photo by Ellis and Walery.

MR. A. L. LANGMAN (SON OF THE DONOR),
WHO WILL ACT AS TREASURER.



MR. ROBERT O'CALLAGHAN, F.R.C.S.,
SURGEON-IN-CHIEF.



MAJOR M. O'C. DRURY, R.A.M.C., ARMY
MEDICAL OFFICER IN CHARGE.

surgical appliances, medicines, stretchers, &c., but also innumerable comforts and nourishments that will so much help to alleviate the sufferings and hasten the recovery of the sick and wounded.

Mr. Archie L. Langman (Lieutenant Middlesex Yeomanry), son of the donor, will accompany it as Treasurer.

Mr. Robert O'Callaghan, F.R.C.S., of Harley Street, Surgeon to the French Hospital in London, is Surgeon-in-Chief, and is a specialist of repute in abdominal surgery. As gunshot-wounds of the abdomen have been very frequent and serious during the present war, his services will be of special value to our soldiers at "the front." Mr. C. Gibbs, F.R.C.S., of Harley Street, Assistant-Surgeon Charing Cross Hospital, is Surgeon; Mr. H. J. Scharlieb, F.R.C.S., Harley Street, Anaesthetist to University College Hospital, is Surgeon and Anaesthetist; Dr. Conan Doyle is Physician; Messrs. Hackney, Turle, Blasson, Mayes, and Burton, Senior Students and Dressers at University College Hospital, are Dressers. Major M. O'C. Drury, R.A.M.C., who has been appointed by the War Office as the Army Medical Officer in charge of the Langman Hospital, served in the Soudan Campaign in 1885 (medal with clasp and Khedive's star), also served with the Burmese Expedition in 1886-87 ("mentioned" in despatches, medal with clasp). Mr. Howell is Quartermaster. There are also twenty orderlies from the St. John Ambulance Brigade, the whole *personnel* amounting to forty-five.

The staff of this hospital was inspected by the Duke of Cambridge on Feb. 21 at the headquarters of the St. George's Rifles, Davies Street,

congratulated the donor of the hospital, Mr. John Langman, on the noble gift which he had made to the nation. Mr. Langman subsequently entertained the Duke of Cambridge, the medical staff of the hospital, and a party of friends to lunch at Claridge's Hotel.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Joseph Jefferson's son—both of whom lately resolved to appear in Jefferson senior's original character of Rip Van Winkle—are apparently not to be the only Rips to woo the suffrages of London playgoers. The present writer is officially informed that the lengthy but always lively Mr. De Wolf Hopper, who has just re-embarked for America *pro tem.*, is seriously contemplating appearing as the quaint old Dutch reprobate when he makes his reappearance in London about a year hence.

Yet another theatre is threatened. This is one which will, it is said, be built on the site of "The Old Queen's" (or "Dust Hole"), in Tottenham Street, which little "blood-and-thunder" playhouse was subsequently turned by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft into the Prince of Wales's. This house, after exercising so marked an influence on the English Drama, again drifted into neglect and decay, and remained thus until the Salvation Army charitably turned it into "Barracks" for its own purposes. The intending lessee of the newest Tottenham Street theatre is said to be Miss Kate Brand.



Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Langman.

MR. LANGMAN'S HOSPITAL CORPS FOR "THE FRONT": TAKEN OUTSIDE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ST. GEORGE'S RIFLES, DAVIES STREET, W.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

"LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR, V.C." *

The Brave Son of a Brave Father—The Most Popular Man in England—A Splendid Organiser—"Too Junior to be made a Lieutenant-Colonel"—Second Visit to South Africa.

IT might be thought impossible to tell the life-story of a great soldier such as Lord Roberts in a book of less than 240 pages, and not only to make it comprehensive, but interesting from first to last, yet Mr. Walter Jerrold, who had already achieved such success with his *Life of Sir Redvers Buller*, has undoubtedly succeeded in giving in a concise yet eminently readable form the salient incidents in the career of the most popular man in England to-day.

Lord Roberts was born at Cawnpore on Sept. 30, 1832, but is an Irishman on both sides of his family, with, curiously enough, considering the antecedents of many prominent Boer families, a strain of French Huguenot blood from the maternal side. It is scarcely necessary to say that his father was a brave soldier, who spent more years in India than

attachment to his chosen profession was too strong, and he declined with thanks. Like Wellington, too, Lord Roberts throughout his career has always paid close attention to the very smallest details, and his organising powers when still a very young man were of the highest order, and procured for him appointments which, though of the most responsible and onerous description, he always filled to the satisfaction of those in authority over him. In at least one case, the Abyssinian Expedition of 1868, these led to his being kept at the base at Zula, instead of, what would have been much more congenial, taking part in the march on Magdala. But he was too good a soldier to repine, and when the war was brought to a successful end, the then Major Roberts was sent to England with the despatches. But previous to this he had greatly distinguished himself during the Mutiny, winning the "V.C." for a very gallant action, related in the book, and having probably as many narrow escapes as ever fell to the lot of a soldier.

After his marriage to Miss Nora Henrietta Bews—most fittingly, a soldier's daughter—and their voyage to India, came various important Staff appointments; but he was much disappointed at not being sent with the China Expedition, in which Lord Wolseley and Sir Redvers



THE 16TH LANCERS PARADED AT PORT ELIZABETH, AND BEING WELCOMED BY THE MAYOR AND CITIZENS—NOT FORGETTING THE LADIES.

did even his greater son, for he served in our great Indian dependency for over fifty years, and commanded a brigade in the first Afghan War, forty years before "Bobs" gained his crowning laurels in the same part of the world. Indeed, for a short time, in 1840, he held the command of Shah Shuja's forces, the ill-fated candidate for the Afghan throne whose claims were supported by the British, and, after holding many other high appointments, returned to England, dying at Clifton twenty years later—in 1873—only a few days after receiving the Grand Cross of the Bath. Then, also, the future Field-Marshal's mother was the daughter of a soldier, Major Abraham Bunbury, of the 62nd—it is surely something of a coincidence that Lord Roberts' father bore the same patriarchal name—so that a military career seemed the only fitting one for the son of such parents.

However, as with Wellington in his earlier years, it was by the merest chance that the young Artilleryman did not discard a military career for more remunerative if less exciting employment, for in 1857, when young Roberts held the position of "D.A.Q.G." in Bengal, the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab (Sir John Lawrence) offered him a tempting appointment in the Public Works Department, but his

Buller (then an ensign) took part. Too late, he found that this was owing to Lord Clyde's kindly consideration for a young officer so recently married. However, in 1863 he led the Mountain Battery in the Umbeyle Expedition, of which a dramatic incident is quoted from "Forty-one Years in India," and Sir Hugh Rose sent in his name for a brevet, but the Viceroy objected that Major Roberts was "too junior to be made a Lieutenant-Colonel." Four years later, the Abyssinian Campaign brought this promotion.

The reader will be at no loss to understand the popularity of Lord Roberts with the rank-and-file, for, with a strict attention to discipline, he combines a kindness and consideration almost unexampled amongst great commanders.

The twenty-four hours' stay in Cape Town in 1881 need scarcely be touched on. Lord Roberts is once more in South Africa, and with Kitchener and French—who ten years ago was under his command in India as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 19th Hussars—is engaged in a campaign which, should fate prove propitious, will yield him even more fame than have his splendid achievements in the Far East.

The book brings the reader down to the date of Lord Roberts' arrival in South Africa, is well printed on good paper, and is probably the best—at any rate, the most interesting—half-crown's worth obtainable at the present juncture.

J. N.

* "Lord Roberts of Kandahar, V.C. The Life-Story of a Great Soldier." By Walter Jerrold. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.



THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE,

Head of the kind-hearted and patriotic Committee which organised the Covent Garden Concert in aid of our Wounded Officers' Wives and Families.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. THOMSON, GROSVENOR STREET, W.



THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH,

Another leader of the aristocracy who served on the Committee for the Covent Garden Concert in aid of our Wounded Officers' Wives and Families.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. THOMSON, GROSVENOR STREET, W.

"THE EYES OF AN ARMY."

*The Importance of Good Scouting—Lord Roberts' "Special Corps"—
Taught their Duties by an Ex-Officer of the German Army.*

UPON the importance of maintaining a thoroughly efficient service of scouting in time of war it is impossible to lay too much stress. The fact is, if this duty be in any way improperly attended to, swift and signal disaster is certain to overtake the General guilty of such negligence. Already the progress of the present hostilities in South Africa has repeatedly proved the truth of this contention. Under these circumstances, accordingly, it is gratifying to find that our various leaders in the field have now, one and all, recognised the vital necessity of increasing the efficiency of their respective brigades in this particular direction.

To this end, therefore, the number of men attached to each Division for the express purpose of executing the duties of scouts has of late been considerably augmented. While many of these are, of course, members of Imperial regiments, a by no means small proportion of the total employed in this manner has been contributed by the Colonists themselves. The work performed by this latter contingent has been of an exceptionally valuable nature, for it must be remembered that the native-born Colonial is eminently qualified by nature to act as a scout. Thus, he speaks both

CAPTAIN HUNEBERG AND A YOUNG
SCOUT IN KHAKI.

the Dutch and Kaffir tongues, is accustomed from his boyhood to read a "spoor," can be in the saddle for hours at a stretch without feeling undue fatigue, is a good shot, and, finally, has a thorough knowledge of the country.

Now, as the British cavalryman newly imported from England has to learn all these things before he can hope to develop into a good scout, it naturally follows that the young Cape or Natal farmer who elects to take service under the English Flag is a valuable adjunct to our forces. Until quite recently, however, various difficulties have been placed in the way of those inclined to thus bear arms against the common enemy. As a result, little of the scouting on our side has, so far, been placed in the hands of those best qualified to perform it.

For this unfortunate condition of affairs various causes have been ascribed. Thus, the Colonists have attributed their non-employment to jealousy on the part of the Imperial authorities, while these latter have contended that the former declined to respond to the invitation to come forward. With the arrival at the Cape of Lord Roberts, however, this regrettable bickering was effectually put an end to, for, with the ready tact for which he is noted, "Bobs" promptly organised a special service of scouts from among the Colonials.

The body thus raised consists at the present moment of seven hundred good men and true, divided into seven separate squadrons. These are distributed all over the theatre of war, and are thus serving in Zululand, Natal, Cape Colony, and the Orange Free State. Wherever a detachment

of them may happen to be, however, one thing is immediately noticeable, namely, the remarkable anxiety of the enemy in their vicinity to withdraw from them as far as possible.

This is accounted for by the fact that the Colonials fight the Boers with their own weapons. Thus, instead of being continually "surprised" or trapped into an "unexpected" ambush, the locally raised scout not infrequently contrives to reverse the process. The Boer who succeeds in getting the better of a Cape Colonist or Natalian has to get up very early in the morning indeed.

The duties of a military scout are so many in number and various in nature that it would be useless to even attempt their detailed description. Put shortly, however, it may be conveniently said of such troops that they are, while thus employed, acting as "the eyes of an army." For this reason, accordingly, scouts are charged with the performance of two functions in particular. These are, firstly, the protection of the main body of an advancing column from surprise; and, secondly, the discovery of as much information as possible respecting the strength, movements, and disposition of the enemy.

In order to effectually discharge these important offices, it is absolutely imperative that a scout should not only be a good rider and acquainted with the country he is operating in, but that he should also be a man of superior intelligence. If this be not the case, he will probably do more harm than good, for he will be liable to be misled, and thus to unwittingly transmit false reports to his own side.

In connection with the formation of the special corps of Colonial Scouts referred to in the foregoing paragraphs, one circumstance is of particular interest. This is that the force was organised and drilled by an



SOUTH AFRICAN SCOUT: FULL EQUIPMENT.

ex-officer of the German Army, Captain Huneberg by name. He is, however, an old Colonist, for he has been resident in South Africa since the year 1878. As is evidenced by his activity in assisting the Imperial Government, he is not in the least undecided as to whether he should "slay his brother Boer" or not.

THE SCOUT.

He's got to know his rifle and the shooter in his belt,
And you bet he's got to know his way about;
For in Krugerland he finds that half-a-yard of rising veldt
Is considered ample cover for a Scout.
He often finds his morning ride extend to thirty mile,
And his feeding has to wait till by-and-by;
He rides his little gee-gee in a circus sort of style,
And he's equally prepared to live or die.

In a brush for death or glory, he is always on the spot,
Though he has to ride his knacker to the bone;
If his nature is reflective, he has time to think a lot,
For he's often six-and-thirty hours alone;
And the family who shipped him off from England in despair
At his ever being better than a lout,
Are sure to be remembered in the broken little prayer
That at night-time goes to Heaven from the Scout.

Day by day he's hiding, hiding;
Night by night he's riding, riding;
If he's caught by Kruger's men he doesn't get much show.
Whizzing shells and bullets braving,
All to keep our flag a-waving—
He's the man that shows the British Army where to go!

KEBLE HOWARD.



Captain Huneberg.
CAPTAIN HUNEBERG AND OFFICERS OF COLONIAL SCOUTS.



"THE SCOUT."

"HE'S THE MAN THAT" SHOWS THE BRITISH ARMY WHERE TO GO."

DRAWN BY H. M. WILSON.



THE RETURN OF THE WOUNDED: THE PRIVATE IN WARWICKSHIRE'S HEART.

DRAWN BY L. THACKERAY, R.B.A.



THE RETURN OF THE WOUNDED: THE OFFICER IN HYDE PARK.

DRAWN BY L. THACKERAY, R.B.A.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The War and Our Clothing—In the Village—Dress and Character—Diamond Victoria Crosses—London's Nose Out of Joint—The War and the Stage.

WHEREWITHAL shall we be clothed? Aggressively military colour and cut are too ill-bred to be thought of, even if the cloth that will be "the thing" had not to go to Press, so to speak, months before the Season begins. Dreyfus patterns and *Shamrock* and *Columbia* hues would be more probable. None but an intelligently anticipative maker could keep abreast of the movements of international politics in the fabrics he turns out. Rather may we look for a horsey style of raiment, such an impetus has the Imperial-Yeomanry, "mounted-men-preferred," mania given to riding (and hit the bicycle hard). It may be that the war is a deep move of some powerful horse-dealing syndicate. But how noticeably have the ranks of well-dressed Clubland been thinned! And in sedate Pall Mall there is a hurry; the air is so charged with suspense that one forgets to think of fashion.

But to be in the mode! Thackeray the ultra-polished said that to dress badly was to throw away so many points in the game; Goldsmith the *déagé* that the well-attired man holds a passport to the highest grades of Society. According to Sterne, if you lived in a garret and dined on onion, you must not betray it in your clothes. In London you can go where you like and be what you like, but your outward man must be immaculate: As advertising was lately declared by an authority to have "taken its place in the literature of our land," so a great thinker asserts that "tailoring is one of the principal fine arts of the age." But, with the young gentleman with the "miraculous" tie, it needs "the whole intellect devoted to it"—the secret of being fashionably dressed. To be as elaborately outfitted as a Volunteer on active service is not enough without care and application.

Dress acts upon character; many people have been aroused to their responsibilities by a well-fitting frock-coat. And character reacts on dress; the man who has once sold a jibber to an innocent old gentleman or handed in a spurious card at golf is ever after clothed in deceit as with a mantle, no matter who his tailor. And a youth free from dandyism means a slipshod old age, and did not the "Iron Duke" say that "the dandies always fight well"?

Fashionable feminine may be more bellicose. Diamond Victoria Crosses worn in the hair are *faits accomplis*, and was there not someone found keeping a war-map hanging up so as to match a blouse and skirt with the Transvaal and Natal respectively? Strangely enough, Isabella, wife of the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken (it was besieged three years), and made fashionable a colour resembling our "crushed gooseberry" khaki! (Was Ostend "relieved" twice a week? Probably not! Happy the nation that has no telegraph!) It is said by married men, however, that Fashion has not yet declared herself for the spring. The vogue of historic dress, both here and in Paris—one hears visitors from that exclusive *coterie*, Parisian Society, declare for Louis Quinze, and, indeed, Madame Réjane is now appearing in that mode—may be a result of the aristocratic *tableau vivant*.

But what boots it to talk of fashion in this suburban village of London, with the social metropolis now thousands of miles away in South Africa? Hyde Park is transplanted to the Cape Town Botanical Gardens. Exclusive Cape Society—that new departure, or new arrival, according as one looks at it—elbows the business-man out of his villa at breezy Seapoint, vinous Wynberg, and leafy Constantia; and what lovely slumming there is among the lepers on Robben Island! Why, the mode might change—by telegraph—while one was on the way out! Caught, shame-faced, in London in June, one will have to explain having run over from "the Colony" on urgent business. To know a smattering of Zulu and Malay will be the hall-mark of a man of fashion, and why not Kaffir footmen?

It is a pity that the professions of drama and music are directly taxed by the war. In the provinces, the war-concert (where artists' fees, if any, are small) often keeps the theatre empty, and kills the private recital. Purely patriotic though the patriotic entertainment may be—assuming such a thing possible—people spend a fixed sum yearly (perhaps this applies more to the middle classes) on amusement. They like paying to hear themselves sing inflammatory choruses, and let us be convinced that the manager enjoys it also. Other "patriotic" funds and sales are too obviously trade-advertisements to do much harm. There is, however, apparently no way of avoiding this injustice.

And when a concert brings £12,000, say, to the starving, "it ain't the time for sermons"; we do not chop logic about motives. Is not this French Anglophobia, by the way, almost altogether Press-made? Not only did M. Alvarez refuse a fee for singing here for a war-charity, but the Director of the French Opera, to whom he was bound, would not even accept compensation for his absence. And does anyone suppose that one who has as much strength of character, as well as tact, as the Prince of Wales would not have cancelled his visit to Paris long ago, if he had been satisfied that the attacks on England and the English Sovereign were really French?

HILL ROWAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE recollections of the Countess Puliga (Henrietta Sansom), which Mr. Heinemann has published under the title, "My Father and I: A Book for Daughters," contain some glimpses of London Society in the 'sixties. Perhaps the most interesting pages are those which describe a ball at Kingston House, tenanted at that time by Baroness Lionel de Rothschild, mother of Lord Rothschild. Evelina, the only daughter of the house, who afterwards married her cousin, Ferdinand, was idolised by all the guests. "She alone of the handsome brood looked thoroughly English. She had a pleasing face, with small features, and a very pretty colour. In society she was a general favourite, with many intimate friends, chosen amongst the best and greatest in the land. All in all, she was a cheery, dear creature, and a really admirable daughter." Baroness Lionel, though a kind hostess, "had rather an oppressive way of seeming to forget her position, and in talking to small fishes the effort to appear a small fish herself was Johnsonian in its failure."

Here is a picture of Lord Rothschild as a young man—

The eldest son, Nathaniel, was very handsome in those days, very Oriental in aspect; he seemed destined to wear gems and flowing robes. Yet he had, with all his mixed Hebrew blood, an ambition to be thoroughly British. Conscious of his own social value, he was cold and reserved, the exact opposite of Alfred (Mr. Alfred de Rothschild—never "Baron" he), who, fair, well-featured, smooth in words, bland in smile, great in perfect clothes and scented hair, was the very picture of condescending amiability, admired by the girls, but respectfully and at a distance, for he was specially dedicated to the service of smart married women, and, as a fascinating butterfly, hovered round many a full-blown rose.

The entrance of the Princess of Wales into London is thus described in a letter to Miss Sansom from her father—

I saw the Princess Alexandra perfectly, and think her decidedly pretty, with a very pleasing expression. She seemed quite overcome by the enthusiastic reception she met with. She has a good complexion, light hair—that is, *châtain foncé*—bright eyes, and a good profile. She wore a violet velvet cloak, trimmed with fur, and a white bunnet. She was evidently quite unused to bowing to the people, and, therefore, did it rather awkwardly; but there was a look of good-humour and happiness on her countenance that was most pleasing to see.

As the present position of the law of copyright in reports opens up so many interesting questions, I may be pardoned, perhaps, for calling attention to a very curious point in connection with the authorised version of Lord Rosebery's Cromwell speech. In one important passage the pamphlet differs, not only from the full and accurate report in the *Times*, but from the speech as I heard it delivered. The paragraph is that which deals with Cromwell and George Fox the Quaker—

"TIMES" REPORT.

Some Sovereigns might have been annoyed at this condescension from a man continually within the grasp of the law and who had only recently left prison. How did Cromwell receive it? He said, "Thank you, George." "I am come," said the other, "to exhort thee to keep in the fear of God, that thou mayest receive wisdom from Him," and so forth. "He listened to me," says Fox, "with great attention, and we had much fearless discourse with him about God and his Apostles of the old time, and his ministers of the new, about death and the unfathomable universe and the light from above." "He often," says Fox, "interrupted me, saying, 'That is good, that is very good.' He carried himself with much moderation towards me, and when some people came he caught me by the hand and said, 'Come again to my house, for if you and I were to have an hour a-day together, we should be nearer one to the other.'" What had Cromwell to gain by being civil to this man, and by listening to what many people would have thought "rodomontade"? Most people would have thought it a duty to hand him over to justice, but Cromwell saw the sincerity of the man, welcomed him, and clasped him to his heart.

AUTHORISED VERSION.

Some Sovereigns might have been annoyed at this condescension from a man continually within the grasp of the law and who was still a prisoner. But Cromwell receives it with humility. "I exhorted him," says Fox, "to keep in the fear of God, that he might be directed and order all things under his hand to God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth, and much discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately." Then Fox and Cromwell held a discussion on "priests," "whom he (Cromwell) called ministers. . . . As I spoke, he, several times, said it was very good, and it was truth. . . . Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back," &c.

I remember well how the meeting laughed at the words, "Thank you, George." Many other small changes in the course of the pamphlet show that the author was determined that no newspaper should be able to claim it as its own report.

"John Strange Winter's" new book, "The Money Sense" (Grant Richards), traces the downfall of a beautiful woman who is always deep in debt. It is emphatically not a book for the "young person," and, remembering the breezy, wholesome atmosphere of "John Strange Winter's" earlier novels, I deeply regret that she should apparently have gone for inspiration to the decadent French school. Several times in reading I turned back to see if her name was really on the cover. The men and women are of a low type, squalid, sensual, greedy, and self-indulgent. I hope "John Strange Winter" will return to the healthy world of the barrack-room, the parade-ground, and even the racecourse. Such a book as this, with all its cleverness, must grievously disappoint her admirers.

O. O.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT THE QUEEN'S, MANCHESTER.

From Photographs by Percy Guttenberg, Manchester.



MISS MAY HARVEY AS BEATRICE.



MR. WILLIAM MACLAREN AS CLAUDIO.



MISS MAGGIE HUNT AS HERO.



MISS MAY HARVEY AS BEATRICE AND MR. H. COOPER CLIFFE AS BENEDICK.

Whilst Mr. Martin Harvey in London gives his many admirers an opportunity to hear his fine voice in the fresh part of Don Juan, his sister, Miss May Harvey, is starring at the Queen's, Manchester, with Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe, Miss Maggie Hunt, Mr. William MacLaren, and a good company, in Mr. R. Flanagan's admirable revival of "Much Ado About Nothing." It is a pleasure to add the above portraits to "The Sketch" Portrait Gallery.

WHERE THEY MAKE SOLDIERS.

"SCHOOL makes men" was the happy remark of Lord Rosebery on a certain historic occasion. At the Duke of York's Royal Military School, Chelsea, however, they go a step further and make soldiers. Accordingly, the youngsters who are being trained there to-day are a part of the *personnel*, in embryo, of the Army of to-morrow,



CHURCH PARADE AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL.

and many a four-foot-nothing of boyish ardour at the great Chelsea institution is, consequently, destined to presently develop into a dashing Lifeguardsman or stalwart Grenadier. The whole of the British Army, however, is not composed exclusively of Household Cavalry and Foot Guards, and thus it happens that every branch of the Service is represented in its ranks by one or more of these lads. Indeed, over a thousand of them are at the present moment numbered among the Soldiers of the Queen.

When a boy leaves the school (at the age of fourteen), he elects, almost as a matter of course, to join his father's old regiment. Here he is usually employed in the band, until old enough to take his place in the ranks as a "duty-soldier." If, however, he makes satisfactory progress with his instrument, he is retained among the regimental musicians, and may then eventually rise to the dignity of being a bandmaster. The number of these, however, is limited to one per battalion of infantry or regiment of cavalry, and it is not given to every boy to be musical. Consequently, for those who are not harmoniously inclined, other profitable forms of employment have to be devised. The one that answers this purpose best is that of tailoring. It therefore happens that those boys who are naturally ineligible for appointments in the band are trained at the Duke of York's School in the more domestic arts of mending and repairing uniforms, &c., with a view to their services being similarly utilised.

Through the courtesy of Colonel G. A. W. Forrest (who holds the appointment of Commandant at the establishment), I was recently enabled to spend an afternoon at the school. Placing myself in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Andrews (the Chaplain), I went over the whole building, and gathered some interesting particulars as to the manner in which the conversion of the boy into the soldier is here effected. For instance, the staff which is immediately responsible for the metamorphosis is as follows: Commandant, Colonel G. A. W. Forrest; Quartermaster and Adjutant, Captain E. C. Thomas; Medical Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. C. Whipple, M.D.; Chaplain, Rev. G. H. Andrews, M.A.; Schoolmaster, W. Irwin, B.A. (Honorary Lieutenant).

The last-named officer is assisted in his special duties by four under-masters and twenty pupil-teachers, while the purely military department

is attended to by a Sergeant-Major, a Bandmaster, a Sergeant-Drummer, and seven Colour-Sergeants.

Situated in the King's Road, Chelsea, where it stands in its own grounds, the school-buildings present a remarkably fine appearance. The institution was founded in the year 1801 by Frederick, Duke of York, for the education and maintenance of the orphan sons of soldiers. Shortly afterwards, the privilege of admission was extended to boys who might have one parent still living. Priority of consideration, however, has always been given to those whose fathers have died in their country's service—either on the field of battle or subsequently of wounds there received.

At the present moment, the number of these "Sons of the Brave" (as the youngsters are happily called) under instruction here is about 550. They join at the age of nine, and, five years later, are transferred to the Regular Army, as has been explained.

At the Duke of York's, the 550 boys borne on the books of the establishment are divided into seven companies, each averaging about eighty. In command of these separate divisions (so far as attending to the administration of discipline, &c., goes) is a Colour-Sergeant of the Regular Army. After this non-commissioned officer comes a monitor (recruited from among the elder boys). Next in order of precedence in the company is a Colour-Corporal (distinguished by two gold stripes and a crown on his right arm), while immediately below him is a Corporal and four acting Lance-Corporals (who wear but one gold stripe). In recognition of their services, they receive pocket-money at the respective rates of threepence, twopence, and one penny per week.

The day's work at the Duke of York's is a very full one, and is



DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL: "THE COLOUR PARTY."

apportioned in this manner: 6 a.m., Réveille (Sundays, 6.30 a.m.), when the boys rise and make their beds, &c.; 7 a.m., breakfast; 7.30 to 8.30 a.m., band-practice, or drill for non-musicians; 9.15 a.m. to 12.15 p.m., school; 1 p.m., dinner; 2 to 3.30 p.m., school; 3.30 to 5.15 p.m., band-practice, and work in the tailor's shop, &c.; 6 p.m., tea.

After tea, gymnastic instruction is carried out, and at eight o'clock a bugle-blast intimates very plainly that it is bed-time.

The diet on which the above routine is performed is certainly plentiful, if somewhat plain. It consists, at breakfast and tea-time, of cocoa or tea and bread-and-butter, and at dinner-time of eight ounces of meat, with vegetables and pudding. The healthy appearance of the boys abundantly proves that it thoroughly agrees with them.

The real value of the training that the youthful "Sons of the Brave" receive at the Duke of York's may not, perhaps, be evident at first. Later on, however, when they shall have come to man's estate and gone out into the world, the excellent results of the care bestowed on them by the authorities here are abundantly demonstrated by the high positions to which so many of them rise. In evidence of this there is in the vestibule of the school a mural tablet on which are recorded the names of ex-"Yorkies" who have become commissioned officers in Her Majesty's Army. These number about fifty, and included among them are two Major-Generals, two Lieutenant-Colonels, two Majors, and twenty-three Captains, who have all once worn the uniform of the school. In addition to these, a very large number of old boys are at the present moment holding responsible positions as warrant and non-commissioned officers in the Regular Forces. Altogether, the Duke of York's Royal Military School has reason to be proud of her sons.—H. W.



DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL: DINING-HALL, AND "MESS ORDERLIES."



MISS VIOLET LLOYD,

The fascinating successor to Ellaline Terriss at the Gaiety. She is now delighting thousands of 'Gaiety Boys' with her impersonation of the dainty Nora in "The Messenger Boy." This photograph is by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Very much Behindhand—Palaces Unfinished—The Aquarium—The "Cour des Miracles"—Swiss Village Outside.

THE Paris Exhibition is an inexhaustible theme. Although, if the spring weather is generous, the workmen on the Exhibition buildings may make substantial progress during the next six weeks, it is useless to deny that things are at the present moment heavily behindhand. It seemed to me incredible, when I was down there last week (writes a *Sketch* representative), that so short a time had to elapse between the completion and the inauguration. The pathways were unprepared, and resembled so much plough-land.

Throughout a long, tiring, and heavy walk, I did not see one single palace that was finished even outside, to say nothing of being fitted up inside. Fortunately, there is no trouble with the men, who are working like Trojans and are honestly taking a pleasure in putting the finishing touches to the fairy city that they have created. And what a place it will be when it is ready! Even the sullen sky and the beating rain and snow could not damp your enthusiasm. "When once the visitor gets here," said an official to me, with perfect truth, "he will forget that he

King and his courtiers is thrilling, for the knights are mounted on full-blooded horses and charge at top speed.

Hard by is a Swiss Village, where the lover of the switchback will find new sensations thrown into this form of locomotion. By the way, as all who do the Exhibition will try to squeeze in one evening to visit the boisterous Parisian fairs, I would advise them to get on to the roundabouts with the jolting pigs and rabbits. After ten minutes of that, the switchback becomes a thing for children of three.

Originally, it was intended that the street of Old Paris, that will be one of the most popular features of the Exhibition, should simply be a reconstruction of the old Rue de Temple, swept away by the hand of the builder, and in which there was a perpetual fair lasting from one year's end to the other. All day long, drums were beating, cymbals clanging, showmen yelling their boniments, and ever the cry went up, even as unto this day, "Entrez, messieurs et mesdames! Vous allez voir ce que vous allez voir!"

It was contended that it would be attractive to show, side by side with the luxury of the spectacles of to-day, the simple, noisy pleasures of our ancestors. So it would have been, undoubtedly; but the organisers had overlooked one fact, and that was that the laws relating to what were the amusements of that period differ



PALACE IN FRONT OF THE INVALIDES.

is in Paris. He will imagine himself in a worldly paradise, where everything is gay and glorious."

A cool place to spend a broiling afternoon will be the Aquarium, which will differ from all other aquariums, it is claimed, because it is the only aquarium the world has ever seen. Instead of putting so many fish in so many tanks with a little gravel at the bottom, in this case you will see exactly the conditions and surroundings in which they live. If, for instance, it is a question of the denizens of the English Channel, they will float about among the weeds, the mosses, and the grasses that are in the garden of their home, and mussel-covered rocks will form the background. The same accuracy will apply to the Pacific and the Mediterranean, while tremendous pains have been taken over the Arctic Ocean. The work, which has been entrusted to experienced naturalists, has taken years to get ready; but, as it will remain a permanent feature in Paris, money has not been spared.

Under the blazing lights of the Big Wheel, so ably directed by Mr. Claremont, and within sound of the roar of the Great Fair, lies one little spot that will be a boon and a blessing to the headached visitor. It is the "Cour des Miracles," and faithfully reproduces Paris in 1600. The streets are dimly lit with swinging oil-lamps, and render doubly quaint the strange costumes of the period as worn by the beggars and promenaders. Even in the old hostelrys the illusion is kept up, and it is a serving-wench that serves the guests with the flagons of ale and treats them as her lords and masters. The tournament as given before the

largely from those of to-day. An old-time fair without a cock-fight, a rat-pit, some badger-baiting, a "scrap" or two with the savate, and sundry other spectacles of the period that old chroniclers refer to, but which need not be insisted on, would have been a ghastly affair. Accordingly, an excellent decision was arrived at, and while sufficient will remain to give an idea of the most striking features (some of them to-day will be novelties) of the popular Paris amusements at the dawn of the century, other of the old houses in the street are to be occupied by spectacles that will illustrate Lutetia's fickle tastes in her pleasure as the years have rolled by. Indeed, so thoroughly comprehensive will this study be, that Charton, of the very up-to-date Montmartre cabaret, "La Roulette," tells me that he will take his "caravan" down there. One thing I do hope is that the showman will understand that we know that naphtha was used a hundred years ago, and there let the matter drop, for, to paraphrase Mark Twain, "Where the smell of naphtha is, there only the dead can enjoy life."

But if there were no miles of exhibits of all nations and all climes, no wondrous palaces that over-exerted your sense of the beautiful, no cool and refreshing lawns and gardens, a visit to Paris would alone be repaid by the night fêtes. When I recall what the illuminated fountains and the electric display were like in 1889, when the Exhibition ended at the Trocadéro and did not go right over to the Champs-Élysées, I put down my pen and commence to study superlative adjectives, so as to be somewhere ready for the opening night.

A GRAND DUKE AS HAMLET.

THE performance of "Hamlet" in Russian for the first time—and that, too, by a Grand Duke, who has also translated the immortal work—is a rare event in the history of drama and literature, and, therefore, I give the portrait of the bold Imperial translator and clever actor, the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch. There was a series of rehearsals of the piece in the course of the winter, to which friends were admitted; but the gala performance took place at the Imperial Hermitage Theatre of the Winter Palace, in the presence of the Czar and Czarina, the Czarevitch, a vast concourse of Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, and the élite of St. Petersburg society. Critics say that the Imperial actor played the moody Danish Prince with great spirit and care, while the performance of Ophelia by Madame Lapoukhin was also pronounced extremely good. In fact, the whole was a great success. The Grand Duke, who is forty-two this year, is the younger son of the late Grand Duke Constantine Nikolaievitch—the famous capturer of Plevna—and the Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Altenburg. His wife is the charming Princess Elizabeth of Saxe-Altenburg, his cousin, who was thirty-five last January. They have six handsome children: Jean, fourteen in June; Gabriel, thirteen in July; Tatiana, ten last January; Constantine, nine in the same month; Oleg, eight last November; and Igor, six in June. The Grand Duke is a Major-General and Commander of the First Regiment of Preobrajensky Guards, of which the Prince of Wales is Honorary Colonel. He is the brother of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Queen of the Hellenes, and the Grand Duchess Vera of Würtemberg, but only distantly related to the Czar.



H.I.H. THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE CONSTANTINOVITCH,
Translator of "Hamlet" into Russian, and actor of the principal part at the
Hermitage Theatre, St. Petersburg. Photo by Pasetti, St. Petersburg.

Amy Russell

Alice Lloyd. Marie Lloyd.
Daley Cooper.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S PLAY.

THE Irish Literary Society received with favour Mr. George Moore's piece, "The Bending of the Bough," just published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. It does not show any advance on his play, "The Strike at Arlingford," produced by the Independent Theatre Society in 1893, and written in answer to a challenge by Mr. Sims to Mr. Moore to write a play which should be a work of art and also interesting. As in the former piece, Mr. Moore indulges in a study of weakness, and his hero, Jasper Dean, is a weak-kneed fellow who abandons his cause and ambition because his sweetheart tells him she will not wed him if he carries out his policy of municipal strife with Northhaven, which will hurt her fortune. Unfortunately, Dean is not an interesting person. At first, we find him as mere mouthpiece for a soulful, wordless man called Kirwan, and then collapsing at the request of his obviously undesirable betrothed, his passion for whom, strange to say, appears to be lukewarm.

There is a curious want of reality about the bloodless people of the play, though, probably, on the stage the character of Miss Caroline Dean, the hero's vigorous maiden-aunt, would stand out. Mr. George Moore has written a preface somewhat quaintly fatuous, the main topic of which is the deadness of English and Continental drama, due to the fact that we and the others have gone beyond the teething stage, during which alone art flourishes in a country. Ireland, it appears, is about to enter on its art-producing period, and the Irish Literary Theatre and Mr. George Moore will help. As an early tooth, "The Bending of the Bough," one is compelled to admit, does not appear a very hopeful one.



The Craggs.

Watty Brunton.

The Two McNaughtons.

Tom Fancourt.

The Craggs.

SOUVENIR OF NOTED MUSIC-HALL ARTISTS IN PANTOMIME: "CINDERELLA," AT THE PECKHAM CROWN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL, LUDGATE HILL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE BROTHERS OF HAGGART'S DENE.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.



EITHER tree nor flower is there in Haggart's Dene, nor any sound, save of wind and grouse and curlew; naked and black the peat stares up at the sky, and the very stream that waters it trickles ghost-like and dumb through its oozy bed. The wind comes down from the heath, and seems to drop its voice when first it gains the silent valley; then races in terror through the shelving peat-banks, and sobs like a frightened child as it flies. At the foot of the Dene lies Wynnyates House, that looks old as the hills themselves; the grey-black of its walls, the green-black of its roof, blend with the colouring of dun sky and sober moor; the very garden looks heavy with age, and the wicket is warped like an old man's body.

The Cunliffes had lived at Wynnyates time out of mind. They were there when the uplanders of Marshcotes and Cranshaw and Ling Crag lived secure among their bogs and marshes, and nourished the feuds of house with house, clan with clan, free from all monarchy save that of thew and sinew; they were there when Prince Charlie came north from Derby, and fought with the Ling Crag men beside him against his enemies. And they were here yet, though the breed was fast dying out. Only John Cunliffe and his brother Simon were left at Wynnyates, and neither kith nor kin had they save young Cunliffe of the Black House, whose reckoning with Devil's Bog had not been come to then.

They might be thirty or thereabouts, the two brothers, when Simon took to riding every other day by way of Scartop Water. In a cleft of the uplands, sheltered by ash and fir, lay the trim little farm that took its name from the bullace-trees in its well-stocked garden. Quick with life was Bully-Trees Farm, bustling, sweet-smelling of kine and moor-winds and garden-herbs; it had no sympathy with the winter stillness that hung like a pall, the year through, over Wynnyates House.

But it was not the good, rich reek of the mistals, nor the contrasting comfort of the old homestead, nor yet the right strong brew of ale it furnished, that drew Simon Cunliffe so often from Wynnyates to Bully-Trees. This morning, as he drew rein close to the horsing-steps and tied his nag's bridle to the post, there was a strange, measureless hunger in his face; his rough-hewn body was set to a dangerous stiffness, as of a curved spring bent straight against its will; on the hand that gripped the riding-stock the veins stood up, corded and blue.

He opened the garden-gate, overhung with the yellowing plums, and passed in among the thyme and pennyroyal, the marigolds and the double stocks. At the far end, where the thatch of the bee-hives glowed under a stalwart midday sun, stood a slender, straight-built lassie, of the breed they call "snod" on the uplands. She lifted her head as he came near, began to smile in anticipation, then killed the smile half-way.

"Good-morning, Cunliffe of Wynnyates," said she, with a mocking curtsy.

Cunliffe pulled himself together, hesitated a moment, then strode to her side and set both arms about her and well-nigh crushed the life out of her in his eagerness.

"I came to tell you that you are making my days sick and my nights a curse. I am hungry and thirsty and wild for you, lass! Have you never a touch of love to give in exchange?"

Katharine blushed and freed herself. The blood was drained from her cheeks; her lips were set to a hard, straight line of scorn.

"Love, you call it?" she cried. "No, Simon Cunliffe, I have no love to give in exchange for *that*. Hungry and wild for me, are you? You fool! The beasts love as nobly as that." Yet the man of her heart had never been so rebuked, wooed he twice as hotly; partly she was afraid of this man's power of fury, and partly she was angered that he was himself, not another.

His passion was hot in him, and drove him on. "You should know us by this time, Katharine. We woo like the whirlwind, we Cunliffes, and woo the better for it. Marry me, lass, out of hand, and you'll learn we are the right stuff for husbands. Have you I will, Carry, and have you I must! Do you want to drive me to the madhouse?"

"I want to drive you nowhere. I want you to go away, and leave me in peace."

"I won't!"

In spite of herself, she liked his masterful way. "I can't marry you," she said, a shade less scornfully.

"You shall! What is going to stand between us, Carry?"

She stooped to pick a flower, and played with it idly for a while. The quick colour ran in and out of her dimpled cheek, driving Cunliffe a step nearer to desperation.

"A better man than you. I love him," she whispered.

The swart silence of his own dark home, his own dark Haggart's Dene, gathered in Cunliffe's moody eyes; forgotten storms that had helped to rear him, dead thunders that had once broken his childish slumbers, stirred into the dark places of his heart.

"I shall kill him, better man or worse," he said, with grave simplicity.

"Nay, that you never will! He is a good two inches taller, a good two inches broader; he is a man I can be careless of when it comes to a fight. Why, he would crush you like a rotten hazel-nut between finger and thumb. *You* kill him!" She laughed in the utter pride of her love.

Her bodice clung low about her throat. Cunliffe could see the blue veins against the sun-browned skin. His fingers twitched as he thought how easy it would be to quieten that mocking mouth once for all. He made one forward pace, two, and stopped. Perhaps he loved her too well in his own wild way; anyhow, he could not do the thing. The one chance of ridding himself of his burden was gone; he had let his first impulse pass, and now—he must bear his burden as best he might. Perhaps, one day, when he had fought it out with that other—

"Carry," he said; "who is he?"

"That is our secret yet awhile. Go home, Simon Cunliffe, and waste your passion on some woman whose heart is not in the right place, and it's joy you'll get of her when you find her."

She turned on her heel with that, and went swiftly between the bending hollyhocks, and so into the sanded farmstead kitchen. Simon Cunliffe was half-minded to follow her, though he knew well enough that the old farmer, if he chanced to be at home, would tell his men to kick him out of doors. He was rather spoiling for a fight just now, and cared nothing if the odds were against him. Yet, stay; he had left the snod lassie, cool and contemptuous, out of his reckoning—not for a king's ransom would he face Carry again this morning.

As he rode home along the white, sun-smitten highway, he cursed the scanty flowers by the wayside, the fluttering things, the measureless blue of the sky. The moor-folk are not over-eager to welcome a new idea, but they cling to the old ones with fanatic strength; they are not in consequence light of love, and, when they desire a woman, their desire grows to be an ache, a pain, and in the end, it may be, a torture. Cunliffe of Wynnyates had wanted this girl, wanted her with the whole wickedness, the whole goodness, of his nature; to lose her was a thing impossible to realise, whatever the price of gaining her might be. So he cursed as he rode along the dusty road to Wynnyates, and wondered who his rival was.

In front of the house lay a scrap of tangled garden, guarded by a low wall from the courtyard. A little lad was gathering sun-tipped marigolds as Cunliffe rode up, and a little lass was sitting on a rounded coping-stone. The man's face darkened.

"You little devils!" he cried. "What are you doing in my garden? Gathering flowers, say you? Bring them here!"

The little chap obeyed, while his sister watched, mute with dread, to see in what way the Wynnyates ogre would kill him. Simon Cunliffe was more than a man to the weaker sort and the children; he was a God-defying monster, whose evil deeds were known, but whose powers for further evil-doing were measureless beyond the scope of knowledge.

Cunliffe looked at the trembling hand that still kept a tight hold of the flowers; then reached down and struck it cruelly with his whip. The lad winced, but never a cry would he allow to escape him.

"Whimper, you stupid little fool! Cry and blubber, do you hear, or I'll flay the skin off your body!" yelled Cunliffe, letting his temper carry him where it would.

"I'll noan blubber. Skin me if tha likes," answered the boy stubbornly.

The little lass got down from her perch, and came and stood beside Cunliffe's horse, and looked straight up into his face, with the ugly seams running from eye to mouth. The man gazed at her, impatient at the interruption; then the riding-stock, raised to strike afresh, dropped idly to his side. A great tenderness crept into his eyes; she was so like Katharine, this wee lassie, yet too small to drive him all abroad as Katharine did.

"God bless her!" thought Cunliffe of Wynnyates, but dared not say it aloud, lest the sour old house should laugh to hear God's name on the lips of the master.

"God bless her!" thought Cunliffe of the blackened heart, and picked up the lass and set her between his knees.

Reckless always, he gave no thought to the brother, no thought to the girl's dread, but turned his horse round sharply, drove his heels into its reeking flanks, and galloped up the track that led to the mouth of Haggart's Dene. The child clung to him in terror. Faster and faster they went as the bridge-track lost itself among the peat; the mare's hoofs struck soundlessly, driving the black-brown dust behind them; the sun blazed down from a stark-blue heaven, and far away the heat-waves weltered and rocked between moor and sky.

On a sudden, Cunliffe checked the mare. She reared on her hind-legs, sinking fetlock-deep in the loose, dry peat-bed. The little lass screamed, but Cunliffe of Wynnyates laughed like a man demented as he slipped to ground and took her in his arms and kissed her on the round, red mouth.

They were at the head of Haggart's Dene now, where the runnel from the peat-land higher up joins the quicker stream that leaps the rocks. Step by step the master of Wynnyates made his way, until they gained a sheltered cranny half-way up the hill. A bushy clump of bilberries lay beside the foamy water, and he set the child down gently midst the purple berries.

"Still frightened, lassie?" said he, grasping one freckled hand tight in his.



THE PANTOMIME ELEPHANT IN DIFFICULTIES.

She looked at him very solemnly, very curiously. Slowly the tears left her eyes, taking her terrors with them; she crept up close to the ogre, and set her arms about his neck, and there was an end of her distrust of Simon Cunliffe henceforth for ever, as the woman's way is. Again the man laughed; he had thought no one of God's creatures could turn to him, except as a less dangerous evil than flight; he understood dimly that his strength—the strength that had awed the country-side—had lent itself to a good use at last, and forced this little lass's heart to trust him.

"See here, bairn," he cried, half-mocking still, because of the newness of his bettering; "there's none but Simon Cunliffe dare raise his voice in Haggart's Dene. The ghosts daren't speak, and the wind only stammers for fright, and the sunshine falls dead on the peat. You're in safe keeping with me, though, never fear. We don't care a rap for the boggarts, do we, baby? Stand still, there, my mare!" he broke off, turning his head to the valley beneath him.

The mare, awake to every subtle horror of the silent, ghost-ridden place, the mare was fidgetting towards the rocks, moving her sleek brown neck from side to side, as if to rid herself of some tormenting Presence.

"All afraid of the Dene, all except you and I, little one," he said, and pressed the child closer to him.

Then he began to talk. It was little the bairn understood of it all, but he never heeded that. And she, because she had given her trust to him, because she liked his warm strength, cared not a whit that the sense of his words was lost to her.

"There was once a man, and folk thought him a devil," he said slowly. "God never tamed him, and man never tamed him, and the Devil never had pluck to try. He had Haggart's Dene for a mother, and the black, black peat for a cradle, and he lusted and drank and cursed, just as his heart bade him. If a woman was tender with him, he ruined her; and if a man was minded to be harsh, he knocked his head against the ground. What, tired of the shoulder, bairn? Try the other, then—so. Now we're comfy again!"

The mare whimpered a protest from below, and the master of Wynnyates threw her a word to steady her—a softer word than ever he had given to his women-toys. Then he went on with his talk.

"And at last there came a woman who was neither wanton nor a fool—a woman whose eyes split a man like lightning, and left him charred to a cinder. What am I saying? So! Steady, Cunliffe the Devil, or you'll lose your good name with the moor-folk. All the long years of riot and hell seemed waste. He dreamed of good things, did that fool of a devil, lassie—yes, by God, he did! And he went a-wooing like a man, gormless and good and shammocky. When he wooed like a devil, he never failed; but he lost Katharine, lost her out and out, till he went clean wild for love and broke more heads than a sensible fellow would think of doing. This place is bad for you, little one; you're looking tired."

And then—then he caught sight of a horseman breasting the top of the rise that lay between the Dene and Bully-Trees. The crimson sun made a pitch-black silhouette of the rider, and Cunliffe knew him for his brother. Something in the man's square-set look as he dropped over the rise into the barbarous sunset splendour brought a sudden thought to Simon Cunliffe: this brother of his was two inches his master in height, and broader by the same. Was it he that had claimed Katharine to have and to hold?

"Come along home. It's time you were abed, little lass," he muttered.

Very gently he carried her down to the valley. Very gently he lifted her up to the saddle once more, and kissed her as he did it. Quietly, soberly, he rode out of Haggart's Dene and forward along the track to Wynnyates. In all his life there had been just this one afternoon of sweetness, and the afternoon was over now, and the little lass must never guess what a grip the hatred had of his heart-strings.

Wynnyates was hobnobbing with the shadows of dusk as he drew rein at the door. Cunliffe the Devil sat quietly in the saddle, looking up and down the grey house-front; it was more than a house to him, this—it was the friend of a lifetime that had ears to hear and lips to speak and a heart to imagine villainy.

"Murder, it says," he muttered.

The wee thing at his knee looked up in question, and Cunliffe laughed uneasily. "What am I going to do with you, little lass? I thought, just for a minute, you were mine, and I was going to take you indoors. Where do you live, eh?"

She told him. It meant a three-mile ride to the further edge of Cranshaw, but the master of Wynnyates would have gone to the world's end, in his present mood, to see the lass safe under shelter. Through Marshcotes they rode, and down the steep hillside to Cranshaw, and up the pebbly road to the farmhouse where the child lived; and folk turned to stare at the sight of Simon Cunliffe carrying a little maid on his saddle.

The mother was at the door, looking and looking for the goodman and the farm-lads, who had gone in search of the bairn. Her eyes blazed as Cunliffe reached down the child, happy and tired, into her arms; she could find no words to fit her wrath. But the man smiled gravely as he turned the mare round and set her homeward at a brisk canter.

Not a soul was stirring about the old house. The servants were all abroad, milking or sweethearting or watching the sheep on the uplands. The master pushed open the black oak door, cursing it the while because it grumbled on its hinges.

"Till John comes home, till John comes home!" he repeated over and over, as if he were a boy at school again, conning some difficult task.

He went to the great cupboard that stretched from end to end of the parlour-wall, and took therefrom a bottle of brandy. He reached down a horn drinking-cup from the mantelshelf, half-filled it with the spirit, added a little water, and set himself down to drink.

Little phantasmal things seemed to come out of the corners and talked with him; but he drove them away. Then the wee lass came, and he tried to keep her, and couldn't. Last of all, Katharine stepped into the foreground—Katharine, with her maddening grace, her lithe, sweet body, her dimpled, wayward face. And Katharine stayed with him till the horn-cup was empty and the room pitch-dark. The wrinkled flowers in the garden without piped eerily to a tune of the wind's setting; but Carry, not heeding the desolation, stood quiet by the ingle-nook, and pierced him with her great grey eyes, and laughed when he groaned aloud.

"But John will be coming home soon," whispered the master.

A beat of hoofs on hard ground. A rattle and scurry as the horse drew nearer. A silence, while John Cunliffe was putting up his nag in the stable; then a complaining of the outer door and a firm step along the passage.

The master filled his cup anew while he waited.

"Drinking again?" said John, cold and stern, standing at the door, with a lighted candle in his hand.

"Ay, drinking, thank the Lord—always drinking, John, to drown the sins that are coming! Sit you down, lad, and listen to what your elder brother has to say."

John wondered at his quietness; Cunliffe the Devil was wont to be noisy in his cups.

"I'm listening, Simon. Get on with your tale."

"A tale, say you? Ay, it's a tale! You've hit the right word for once in a way, lad. It's about two brothers; one of them was cursed good, and t' other cursed bad to bring the reckoning straight. The bad one loved a wench called Katharine, but someone stepped in between 'em. Who was it, think you, John?"

Even by the dim candle-light it was plain to be seen that John Cunliffe was the man. He reddened and paled, and last of all he stabbed his brother with a look. "She's mine, and mine she shall be!" he muttered.

"Stay awhile, lad; stay awhile! We've been brothers together, and the old stock is snuffed out if we go. Give the lass up, and there'll be no more said. I don't want to kill thee, John."

John rose to his feet; the Cunliffe temper made havoc with his face. "See here, you're over-drunk to know what you're saying; but keep your filthy lips off Carry's name, or I'll drive the breath out of your body. If there wasn't another man in the world, do you think the girl would touch you? You! You, that half the country-side is cursing—!"

The master of Wynnyates had done his best. He had kept back his hate until it well-nigh choked him, but there was an end. He took the empty bottle from the floor, lifting it high as he sprang towards his brother, and brought it down on his skull. The bottle smashed into chips and dust, and the last but one of the Cunliffes of Wynnyates dropped clumsily to the ground.

Simon stood looking down on his handiwork. The glee of the hunter was on him, the reek of blood had a pleasant savour in his nostrils. But the mood died, and straight-as a sunbeam the thought of the wee snod lassie pierced his eye and heart and brain. He dropped to his knees and pushed his fingers in and out among the clotted hair.

"He will never marry Katharine—never in this world marry Katharine," he murmured vaguely.

So for a space, and then his senses cleared. He had played his last sweet piece of devilry; he must die like a Cunliffe and a man. He dipped his right forefinger in the blood and went to the grimy oaken boards that overhung the fireplace.

"This 15th day of September—," he scrawled slowly and painfully.

Then the ink gave out, and he had to make a fresh pilgrimage to the silent thing that lay face downwards on the floor. There were many such journeys before his epitaph was written; but it was done at last, and he stood off from the fireplace watching the scrawled letters shine in the guttering candle-light.

This 15th day of September, in the Year Eighteen Hundred and Seven, died Cunliffe the Devil by his own hand. Katharine had eaten into his heart, and he cursed her, and killed his own brother for her sake, and died. He lived like his fathers, and died without repentance, fearless of any world there may be to come.

He took a fresh bottle of brandy from the cupboard, and drank till he was full to the throat; then hanged himself to one of the parlour rafters.

And so the old breed went out into the shadowy places, but Wynnyates is theirs to this day. Living and quick, that ruddy epitaph upon the parlour-wall keeps the grey house in wardship for the ghosts; and only the folk who come from abroad, to wonder and shiver and fail to understand, are bold enough to penetrate beyond the surly, nail-studded door that looks upon the weedy courtyard.

The Cunliffes of Wynnyates are gone, and Ryecollar knows the Ratcliffes no more. The racketing, hell-to-leather days are over, and peace reigns over the uplands. Yet some there are—fierce old dwellers by the moor, slow to move from tradition—who say that Cunliffe the Devil could love as men do not love nowadays; these are friendly with the Master of Wynnyates' memory, and look backward to the times when, good or bad, a man could love from a whole heart fervently.

It may be the Katharine Ilirsts are dead likewise.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

"Don Juan's Last Wager."

Probably the story of "Don Juan Tenorio" has been more used in different forms upon the stage since 1622, when Tirso de Molina wrote his work, "El Burlador de Sevilla y Comedido da Piedra," than any other story of the Middle Ages. But I indulged enough in the past of this theme, last week. It is to be feared that the latest version, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, will not be the most successful, though indisputably more gorgeous in production than any on record. In choosing Zorilla's treatment, Mr. Martin Harvey—or Mrs. Cunningham Graham, who has Englished the piece—did not act very wisely, if, indeed, the present play does justice to the original. It is difficult to see why Molière's treatment of the subject in the "Festin de Pierre" was not chosen, since it is a picturesque, powerful work of genius, in which a gloomy and even horrible story is enlivened by abundance of broad, entertaining comedy; nor, indeed, would the scope for splendour in *mise-en-scène* have been limited.

As the matter stands, "Don Juan's Last Wager" in some respects reaches the record, for when we come to having sculptured work by such a man as Mr. George Frampton put upon the stage to embellish the scene, we seem to have reached the last word in the way of luxury, and the pity is that, owing to the darkness of the stage, it was impossible for the audience to see whether the sculptured work comes from the hand of a real artist or of one of the craftsmen of the Euston Road. The story of the new piece cannot easily be told in graceful words, though, to be frank, there is nothing improper in the production. Roughly speaking, the wager is that Don Juan will ruin two girls in six days. He accomplishes half his task, but, moved by the innocence and purity of Soledad de Ulloa, one of the girls, he spares her, and then kills her father. Afterwards, in accordance with the ordinary treatment of the legend, he invites the statue of Soledad's father to supper, and the statue comes. Then Don Juan gets killed in a duel, and his spirit, persuaded by the statue to pray, secures forgiveness for the libertine, who goes to heaven with Soledad. This, a post-mortem conversion and salvation, is rather a staggerer for people with normal religious views.

However, this is a case in which one may say that the play is not the thing in more than one sense of the phrase, and it may be guessed that, even if few will admire the drama greatly, and if many will be disappointed by the play—partly because very few of the characters are at all developed—everybody will be enthusiastic about the stage-pictures, which in several cases certainly have never been surpassed even upon ours, the most luxurious stage in Europe.

Even the splendours of the Lyceum production of "Faust" may be remembered without feeling that the architectural scene of the exterior of Ana de Pantoya's house has ever been beaten as an architectural stage-picture, and Mr. Harker may well be proud of his work. Moreover, the scene called "The Pantheon of the Tenorios," even if some scoffers have made jests about the alleged Madame Tussaud's suggestion of the statues, gives a picture of quite remarkable beauty. Don Juan's apartments are gorgeous beyond description, with rich costumes, splendid stuffs, and pretty women. The dancing, which is intended to be a great feature, is somewhat perplexing. Señora Velasco is a clever, energetic dancer, whose work is not very intensely characteristic, but shows, like that of Carmencita in our days, that apparently she has worked much in foreign methods. Señora Mabilia Daniell, a tall, handsome woman, gave what might rather be called a mimed scena than a dance, and, though she showed some grace and charm, had hardly the technical skill for her ambitious effort. The music of Mr. Arthur Bruhns deserves a better hearing than one can get easily in a theatre; it is certainly vigorous and dramatic, and intended to express by purely modern methods the emotions of the piece.

Concerning the acting, there is not very much to be said, for "Don Juan's Last Wager" is certainly a one-part piece, and the one part is not exactly a character well suited to the rare gifts of Mr. Martin Harvey, who failed to suggest that Don Juan was half as black as he was painted; but allowances must be made in his case for the anxiety and fatigue of an actor-manager on the first night of a very heavy production, when things do not go very smoothly. Still, he had some

fine moments. Miss de Silva played earnestly as Soledad, but clearly is not the actress whom most people would have chosen for the part, and one is rather disposed to condole with than compliment Miss Marriott and Miss Gigia Filippi. Mr. Sleath and Mr. Holbrook Blinn had little chance of distinguishing themselves.

Mr. Benson has done a brave thing—has presented the whole of "Hamlet" to London playgoers: it took five hours and forty minutes, including the not very long entr'actes, and he is doing this every other day. The student will be delighted, and even the frivolous playgoer will find much of great interest, particularly in the second half, beginning after the Play Scene. One cannot help saying "Bravo!" to Benson the enthusiast, nor keep back a word of praise for his thoughtful, effective performance in the prodigious name-part, and for that of his charming wife, the fair Ophelia, and the admirable company which work so loyally to represent our national dramatist. As a relief from the great burden of Hamlet "as it was wrote," the Benson Company has been presenting a very splendid performance every other night of "The Rivals," in which many capital pieces of acting are given.

"The Rivals" will also be revived by Messrs. Harrison and Maude at the Haymarket on the 27th inst. Since I first announced this Haymarket revival a few weeks ago, some changes have been made in the cast, which now, as regards the chief principals, stands thus: Bob Acres, Mr. Cyril Maude; Captain Absolute, Mr. Paul Arthur; Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Sydney Valentine; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mr. J. D. Beveridge; and Faulkland (the most difficult and least effective part in the play), Mr. Frederick Harrison. That excellent humorous actress, Mrs. Charles Calvert, will be the Mrs. Malaprop; the lovely Miss Lily Hanbury, Julia (a character almost as difficult to score withal as Faulkland); and Lydia Languish will, of course, be impersonated by Miss Winifred Emery, who made such a success in the part in the memorable revival at the Vaudeville.

It is not surprising that there was a good house to welcome Miss Kate Rorke at the Kennington Theatre on her production of Mr. Pinero's play of "The Squire," concerning which on its first appearance there was one of the handsomest squabbles on record, founded on an allegation of plagiarism. However, the squabble is now only a matter of ancient history, and even the work itself seems old, since one cannot help comparing it with the author's modern work: for whilst effective, dramatic at times, there is no doubt that it seems artificial, according to the latest standard. Miss Kate Rorke played the principal part in the excellent fashion that one would have expected, and the rest of the company gave a creditable performance. The *lever-de-rideau*, called "Sympathetic Souls," adapted by

Mr. Sydney Grundy from a play of Scribe's, proved to be a clever and amusing little piece, concerning the courtship of a widow and widower, and was excellently acted by Miss Mary Rorke and Mr. Davis.

Three fresh new theatres are threatened, namely, at Wimbledon, Guildford, and St. Martin's Lane. The first-named will, it is said, be run, not by Earl de Grey, but by Mr. Gray (who is not utterly unconnected with the Drury Lane directorate), and the second by Mr. W. S. Penley. The third is the long-talked-of new playhouse of Mr. Charles Frohman's, and will, it appears, be called "The Dresden."

Within the next few days, "The Bishop's Eye" will be succeeded at the Vaudeville by an adaptation, by Messrs. "Owen Hall" and "S. X. Courte," of the French piece, "Mon Enfant." The chief parts will be impersonated by Misses Gertrude Kingston, Constance Collier, and Ellas Dec, and Messrs. Yorke Stephens and Thomas A. Wise.

Early in April, Miss Mary Elliot-Page will appear at the Palace Theatre in a sketch written by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, entitled "A Notoriety Clause."

The Countess Russell received an enthusiastic reception at the Tivoli on her first appearance at the London music-halls. Her singing of a "coon"-song reminded one of Miss Letty Lind at her best.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY.

Who produced "Don Juan's Last Wager" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Feb. 27, playing himself in the title-part. Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MR. HERMANN VEZIN'S JUBILEE.

TO few men is it given to celebrate their jubilee in the active exercise of their profession. For an actor, however, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his professional appearance on the stage by undertaking to play in one week three of the most onerous and exacting parts in the whole drama is still more rare and remarkable. This, however, is what Mr. Hermann Vezin has contracted to do, for during the Memorial Week at Stratford-on-Avon

HE WILL PLAY OTHELLO, SHYLOCK, AND MACBETH.

Although he celebrated his seventy-first birthday a few days ago—for he was born on March 2, 1829—Mr. Vezin's force has abated no jot, and when, some months ago, he played Othello, the *Times*, criticising his performance, said: "There is probably no living English actor who could have played Othello with such finished art. Perfectly natural and restrained in the quieter passages, he showed the Moor's wild outbursts of passion, the frenzy of his jealousy, the anguish of his remorse, with splendid effect."

Nor will those who have a memory for matters theatrical forget that when

SIR HENRY IRVING suddenly lost his voice during the run of "Macbeth," Mr. Vezin deputised for him at a moment's notice—a fact of which he is always pleasantly reminded by the ring, set round with brilliants, which Sir Henry gave him in commemoration of the event.

"I AM QUITE AS FIT FOR WORK

as I ever was in my life," said Mr. Vezin to a *Sketch* man, "although it will be fifty years on Easter Monday since I made my first appearance on the English stage. My reason for coming from America was because from the time I decided to become an actor it was my ambition to act in Shakspeare; and not only did I want to see the best actors, but to study *ab ovo*, as it were, in Shakspeare's own country. My real first appearance was, however, made in Berlin, where I got the opportunity to be a 'super' at one of the theatres; and there, too, I got my first speaking part—that of an Englishman speaking bad German—in a burlesque. Before going to Germany, however, I had met an American friend, who told me he would give me a letter of introduction to Charles Kean. I met him, but did not even tell him that I wanted to go on the stage. On my return from Berlin, I wrote to Kean, and he eventually succeeded in getting me an engagement, and I opened at York on Easter Monday, 1850. Then I went to Southampton, where my salary was ten shillings a-week, and I played

COOL, IN 'LONDON ASSURANCE,'

with Mrs. Nesbit as Lady Gay Spanker. After that I went to Edinburgh, as 'walking gentleman,' with a considerably augmented salary—twenty-six shillings. Then I thought it was time that I tried leading parts, and entered into an arrangement with the manager of the Ryde, Guildford, and Reading circuit to that end. I was twenty-two at the time, and at Ryde I made my first appearance as Shylock, and a pretty exhibition it must have been! I acted several parts I wanted to, and a good many

I did not. Among them were Claude Melnotte, Sir Edward Mortimer, in 'The Iron Chest,' Richelieu, and Young Norval; and then I went to Southampton again. Charles Kean came down to play 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and I was the Don Pedro. 'You're the best among the bad, Vezin,' Kean said the next day, and, on the strength of it, he engaged me for the Princess's, where, oddly enough, I opened, as

PEMBROKE, IN 'KING JOHN,'

on the Easter Monday of 1852, two years after my first appearance at York. There I played several parts, and, with Kean, acted twice at Windsor before the Queen—the Bleeding Sergeant in 'Macbeth,' and Snare in the Second Part of 'Henry the Fourth,' while my third appearance there was as De Mauprat, a little later on, with Phelps.

Soon after, I married, and my wife and I went to Worthing to play the leading business at a joint salary of fifty shillings a-week, which we did not get, and at the end of the time the manager owed us seventeen pounds. In those days we used to play two long pieces, besides a short farce, and I used to act Macbeth and Charles Paragon in 'Perfection,' Othello and

WILLIAM IN 'BLACK-EYED SUSAN,'

and Hamlet and Jonathan Wild. There, too, I played Mercutio to my wife's Romeo, and after some years I went to America, but a financial panic was on, and, after a very short time, I returned to England. In those days not a week passed without

OUR PLAYING SHAKSPEARE,

and that was the reason why I went to the little towns to act the chief parts, so that I might be ready when the opportunity offered. The opportunity came with Phelps, whom I joined to play the leading juvenile business; and then I went to the Princess's to play Laertes with Fechter.

"In 1867 I produced 'THE MAN O' AIRLIE,' and it was really a photograph of myself in that part which got me my engagement in 'The Rightful Heir.' It was that part, Sir Grey de Malpas, that secured me my position and first put me in receipt of a salary of twenty pounds a-week. In due course came 'Olivia,' at the Court, and the rest most people who are theatre-goers perhaps know.

"Do I feel acting a strain? I only know that I have

RECENTLY FINISHED A NINE WEEKS' TOUR

as Shylock, Othello, and Hamlet, and one Saturday in Bath I acted Shylock in the afternoon and Hamlet at night, and never turned a hair, nor have I played so well in my life. After Hamlet, I met someone who said to me, 'Mr. Vezin, you lost something last night.' 'What?' I asked. 'Forty years,' was the reply."

And, with his clear-cut features, his face defying Time, his erect figure and sonorous voice, backed by the resources of the "make-up" box, of which he is a past-master,

MR. VEZIN, AFTER FIFTY YEARS ON THE STAGE,

is as young and full of activity and vigour as many men who have seen but half his years of service.



MR. HERMANN VEZIN, WHO DESERVES ALL HONOUR ON THE CELEBRATION OF HIS JUBILEE AS AN ACTOR.

Photo by Alfred Ellis.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Hyde Park Concession—The Decline of the Cyclists' Touring Club—A Touting and Cadging System—The Greasy-Road Question—Amateur Racing—The Death of the Free-Wheel.

Time to light up: Wednesday, March 14, 7; Thursday, 7.2; Friday, 7.4; Saturday, 7.6; Sunday, 7.7; Monday, 7.9; Tuesday, 7.11.

Quite a number of letters have reached me from readers of this page very kindly congratulating me that at last Hyde Park is practically, with the exception of four hours a-day, thrown open to cyclists. These letters are quite unnecessary, though I thank my correspondents for them. The credit by no means lies with me. You have only to see the Secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club in regard to this matter, and he will tap his chest and say, "Alone I did it!" Interview the officials of the National Cyclists' Union, and they will assure you that, had it not been for their efforts, Hyde Park would have been closed to the public for ever and a day. Ask the editors of the cycling papers who ought really to have the credit for getting this great boon for London riders, and they will assure you there can be no two opinions on the matter—that it is through their constant appeals that the heart of the Duke of Cambridge was at last softened. As a matter of fact, it is all nonsense for any man or any body of men to take credit for securing the opening of Hyde Park. Everybody with any power has been urging the advantage it would be to cyclists, and it is the consensus of opinion rather than individual action that has obtained it. The thing is that Hyde Park is now open to wheelmen and wheelwomen, and that is all we need bother about. I look forward to seeing thousands of riders enjoying a spin during the coming summer evenings. Hyde Park is not the most delightful of places at night, and cyclists have now the power to improve it.

Some of us have at times been obliged to say uncomplimentary things about the management of the Cyclists' Touring Club. But this has not prevented me personally from appreciating and acknowledging the many admirable things it has done, and the splendid work that still lies before it. I am sorry to see, therefore, the accounts of the Club for last year show a loss of £1833. This is chiefly due to the publication of the monthly *Gazette*, which cost last year no less than £10,877 to produce and distribute, whereas its income was only £6108. Better business-management would have prevented the cost being so great. But steps are being taken to cut down expenses, so next year there will probably be no deficit. However, there seems to be a falling-off in candidates for membership. In the March number of the *Gazette*, 1033 riders apply, which is 768 less than the number in the corresponding period last year. Indeed, there is a "slump" in membership. The new membership for the first three months of 1898 was 4742, for 1899 4319, while for the first three months of this year it reached only 2858. This is bad, and must set the officials to think hard. Probably the falling-off may be ascribed to the very wretched weather we have had since the New Year began. With the roads in a swampy condition and bicycles stored away, people are not exactly in the mood to think over the advantages of a Touring Club. A few weeks of sunshine will turn their thoughts to touring, and then, no doubt, there will be a big rush for membership. At least, I hope so.

Another body that has done good work in its time, but which has become discredited of late, is the National Cycling Union. The membership has, of course, dwindled considerably, for, although the public may be bluffed—if I may use a slang phrase—for a time, it cannot be bluffed for all time. The N.C.U. is endeavouring to whip up its membership by offering a commission of a shilling a head to all Unionists who bring fresh members into the ranks. It is a bad sign when a scheme like this

has to be put forward. The charge may very well be thrown at present members that, in desiring to increase their numbers, they are actuated not by true feelings of sport, but by a hope to get hold of these shillings. This touting and cadging will simply have the effect of making all respectable cyclists give the N.C.U. a very wide berth indeed. I am glad to see that one of the principal cycling papers has set its face against this scheme. Doing work on business lines is one thing, it says; but touting for members of an amateur body with a high-falutin' opinion of its own amateur superiority is another, and, the writer sarcastically remarks, when he wants to earn a few extra shillings he will not get them by such means. "This bob-a-nob business is a game of bluff, and a scheme of obtaining members that does not commend itself to the best class of amateurs."

I hope I don't weary my readers by too often referring to the suggestion I put forward nearly a year ago, that the best way to escape

side-slipping on the greasy road is to slightly deflate your tyres, so that they present a somewhat level surface to the roadway. The accusation has been brought against me that I advocate "soft tyres." This is an exaggeration of my argument. I know as well as anybody—for I am a man who rides as well as writes—that when the tyre is too slack, the rim is inclined to float on one side or other of the tyre. But the matter of the exaggeration of my position is a small one; the point I have urged, and one which practical riders and not theorists recognise, is that a slightly deflated tyre is the best. For some time the idea was pool-pooled, and then experienced riders began to state that it was really quite correct. A correspondent has written to one of the cycling papers, saying that he rode four thousand miles last year, including a seven-mile daily ride to and from work, right through the heart of the City of London, during the greater part of the year. He found that there was not half so much side-slipping with soft tyres as with hard ones, and the secret lay, he thought, in the fact that when the tyres were slack they gave on meeting obstacles instead of slipping off sideways. This was more noticeable on rough cobbles than on asphalt. This statement from a practical rider is worth a good deal more than the opinion of men who dawdle down the Ripley Road as far as a public-house on a fine Sunday morning in summer.

It is to be well wished that all good riders will give their hearty support to the endeavour now being made to revive amateur racing on a truly honest and straightforward basis. The Anerley Club deserves every possible credit for the steps it is now taking to bring this about. The chief thing they should set their faces against, however, is the giving of great prizes, which might induce men to race for the reward and not for the honour. The *Bicycling-News* makes a very excellent suggestion, that amateur racing of to-day would

benefit were it indicated that no prize should be of higher value than one pound sterling. It was the big prizes, with the men in the pay of the chief cycling companies competing for them, that gave the death-blow to racing in this country. Cycle-racing is splendid sport, and with all my heart I want to see it revived and flourishing.

The free-wheel "boom" is dead! A month or two ago, I gave the craze as long as to the approaching summer as a sufficient length of time in which to exhaust itself. All the cycling papers wrote miles of articles in praise of the free-wheel. It may be that this was consequent on the manufacturers giving them pages of advertisements. Anyway, the men who earn their living by praising up every fresh fad, so long as it is sufficiently advertised, declared the free-wheel was one of the grandest of inventions. Despite, however, all the shouting and advertising, there are very few people, compared with the great majority of riders, who have invested in them. This last month or so, the desire for them has almost disappeared, and, of course, the public are regarded as a very unappreciative crowd. However, there it is.

J. F. F.



A TYPICAL PARISIEN CYCLIST.

Photo by Barenne, Paris.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Flying Fox. There should be a record attendance at Kingsclere to-morrow, when the racing stud of the late Duke of Westminster will be offered for sale by auction. Of course, great interest will centre in the reserve placed on Flying Fox. It is said that tall sums have been offered for this horse, and that these have been refused. It may be, however, that the offers came after the announcements of the sale had been made, and the executors considered it to be their duty to put the horse up to public competition. If it is true, as a correspondent informs me, that one gentleman has bid £40,000 for Flying Fox, I should say that money was cheap to-day, although a few thousands more or less to a millionaire makes no matter. I should very much like to hear that the Fox had been bought for the new Duke of Westminster, and that it was intended to still have him trained by John Porter and ridden by M. Cannon, as, to the English mind, those are the inseparables, the more especially with the Grosvenor colours thrown in.

Futures. Up to now nothing definite is known about the early Spring Handicaps. Of the Lincoln Handicap horses, Strike-a-Light, London, Bonnehosq, and Wantage are doing good work, and C. Archer's horses are said to be busy. I have heard that

nail on the head with his sliding-scale spending suggestion. It is evident to me that, if this plan were adopted by the authorities, we should get a large addition to the ranks of owners of racehorses.

Paddock Badges. As one of the original agitators for distinguishing numbers for the Paddock, I am sorry to notice that some critics belittle the efforts of Clerks of Courses in this direction. True, the system is as yet very far from being perfect, but, when it has become generally adopted, we can take it for granted that the manipulators of the patent will leave no stone unturned to make their invention popular. The Australian system of numbered horse-cloths was not a popular one in this country, and it was discarded by the Sandown officials after a single trial. The numbered armlet is, I think, as near to perfection as we can hope to get, and I certainly think it quite useful. If all boys leading or riding horses round the paddock were made to wear the badge high up on the left arm, nothing better would be required, for even a boy could make out the animal if he consulted the card, and we do not want to kill the sale of race-cards so long as it is considered the right thing to charge sixpence each for them.

Card-Sharpers. According to rumour, some members of the card-sharping gang have gone to South Africa on the off-chance of picking up a few stray notes from the rich young officers engaged in the war. The sharps generally like to follow the money, and they often manage to capture lumps of it. If I were King of the Turf World, I would not allow any jockey to play cards for money. The Turf Senators of our day will not grant a licence to any jockey who bets, and yet some of the professional riders, if report speaks truly, lose hundreds of pounds at a sitting at the card-tables, and their money is won more often than not by an organised gang of sharps, men, some of them of fairly good breeding, who live on the profits they get out of playing cards for high stakes. During the last twenty years, five out of every six of the owners who have had to retire from the Turf lost more money over cards than they did over backing their horses, and many of them were induced by the decoy-ducks to resort to the card-tables to get back some of their racing losses, only to get deeper into the mire. The card-sharper's decoy is a mean and contemptible creature who deserves to be hanged, and perhaps even that fate would be too good for him.

Superstition. It would be difficult to find a set of people more superstitious than the rank-and-file of racegoers. Several racing-men last year brought off the double event, General Peace and Manifesto, entirely owing to the issuing of a Peace Manifesto by the Czar of Russia early in the year. Again, several lucky backers supported Bird of Freedom because a freed pigeon hovered over the Epsom Stands. Instances of this sort could be given

ad nauseam, for speculators have followed omens and dreams for centuries. I never bet myself, so that these things have little charm for me, but I did think the other day that I had come across a real coincidence that was bound to serve. Just outside my bedroom window a pair of wood-pigeons built their nest and hatched out their young last year; and they left us in the autumn, to return on Feb. 22 this year. Strange to add, on that day Mr. F. P. Lysaght's Wood-Pigeon was entered for the Leamington Grand Annual Steeplechase at Warwick, and my men on the course sent it as a good thing for that race. But the horse, although on the spot, was not started, and I am now less of a believer in coincidences than ever.

Sport in South Africa.

When the war ceases there will be plenty of racing in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, and the English jockeys out there should do well. By-the-bye, I made a mistake in referring to the Metropolitan Merchants' Handicap, which was run at the Summer Meeting of the South African Turf Club, held at Kenilworth on Dec. 23. The race was won by Mr. F. W. Murray's Montcalm, and I am very pleased to hear that the winner was ridden by an English lad, John Edwin Boardman, a native of Wigan. Boardman is coming to England to ride on our racecourses this summer, and I wish him every success. It is rumoured, too, that none other than the great Mr. Cecil Rhodes is about to establish a racing stud in England. He last year had a look over C. Waugh's stables at Newmarket, where Mr. Maguire's horses are trained, and he was much pleased with the place. Perhaps he will give C. Waugh a few horses to train presently, and he may be a bidder for Flying Fox. If so, he would, I take it, have to top the thirty thousand to get the horse.

CAPTAIN COE.



FLYING FOX, FOR SALE TO-MORROW!

Flying Fox (Morny Cannon up) and John Porter, the famous Trainer.

the South African division are very anxious to back Sir Geoffrey, and, if this horse could stay the Lincoln mile as well as he could the Epsom five-furlong course, he would have to be reckoned with. It is rumoured that Sloan will have the mount. It must not, however, be forgotten that the stable has Sly Fox in the race. I know this horse was at one time last year considered to be good enough to win a big handicap in this country, but he ran a perfect wretch more than once, and it may be that he has turned rogue. The Grand National puzzle remains a puzzle. Opinions are divided as to which is the better at the weights, Drogheda or Manifesto. I like the latter. In the meantime, Ambush II. is growing in favour, and nothing would delight the Irish division more than to see the Royal colours to the fore at Aintree on March 30, the more especially should H.R.H. the Prince of Wales be present. By-the-bye, it is a pity Mr. Tommy Lushington does not take the mount.

Attention! The mention of officers in South Africa reminds me that a correspondent wants me to take up the question of officering the British Army—rather a tall order that! My correspondent contends that there should be a spending-grade. For instance, a Lieutenant-Colonel should not be allowed to spend more than £1000 a-year, a Major £800 a-year, a Captain £600 a-year, and a Lieutenant £400 a-year, when on full pay. He says this would keep the toy officers out of the Army, and thereby make room for men with nothing better than merit to recommend them. His contention is that an officer who can afford, say, to keep a dozen racehorses in training and ride them in their races and at exercise, has no need for soldiering, and he should give his military duties over to a more deserving man. I confess the subject is a bit too steep for discussion in an ordinary paragraph, but I cannot help thinking that my correspondent has hit the

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE distractions at Monte Carlo are multifarious, with the tables always, of course, predominating. During this past week the Carnival at Nice, with the veglione and other concurrent excitements, has, however, divided honours even with the Opera here, at which, by the way, Madame Melba has for weeks past been advertised to sing.



[Copyright.]

A RICHLY EMBROIDERED DINNER-GOWN OF WHITE PANNE.

Naturally, people rushed for tickets when she was first promised, those who had heard the Australian prima donna as well as those who had not. So everybody's astonishment and surprise may be dimly imagined when at the most eleventh of eleventh hours it was calmly announced that the diva could not sing. Busy-tongued rumour has, it is needless to say, been casting *canards* far and wide as to the why and wherefore of this disconcerting thushness. But the real reason, as it generally does, missed the Mrs. Candours of Monte Carlo. Miss Hwfa Williams, who is staying with Madame Melba at the Cesari, could, not impossibly, set the gossips right; or so could Mr. Haddon Chambers. For the reason is nothing more or less than a cold due to the changeable Riviera temperature. *Mais à quoi bon?* If people have a well-pronounced aversion to being corrected in their unfounded assertions, as they undoubtedly have, why correct them? saith the philosopher. And so think I. Personally, if people take the trouble to invent statements for their own gratification, however wide of the mark, I esteem it a pity to deprive them of the sole gratification contingent on their inventiveness, experience having proved that their own petard is generally hovering near, and that, sooner or later, they will be hoist thereon.

Reverting to the heaven-born subject of clothes, which seem each day to show an increasing disregard of mere expenditure in their extravagant elaboration, I find the taste for embroideries of padded chiffon flowers seems to be consistently on the increase, no doubt among the reasons being that these are expensive, can only be done by hand, and

are not therefore likely to become distributed over a middle-class area. It may, however, be said of most fashions that they are tentative at the present juncture. All sorts and conditions of chiffon developments are put forth in Paris at this season, and are sent down here to the Riviera, or, more correctly, to Monte, for Nice is middle-class, and Mentone is more or less dowdy; but here we literally bristle with modish departures, which are, by the way, usually first essayed by *les dames* whose object it is to attract attention by the fantastic gorgeousness of their garments. Cloth gowns of very delicate tints predominate over all others in the daytime, and there is a noticeable elegance in these gowns which, it seems to me, is not reached by other materials. Enormous cameo buttons, rendered in the Wedgwood style, are worn on the dainty little jackets which accompany the tightly moulded skirt, and, with the favourite and frequent bolero jacket, the "Worth" sash, as it is called, now inevitably appears. This form of sash is twisted twice round the figure, and has short ends, generally fringed, which cover the plaquette-hole that is now again appearing at the back. When well fitted and arranged, nothing could be more definitely smart and satisfactory. Dresses made entirely of guipure lace are everywhere, too, in expensive evidence, but, to my mind, they have that overdone air which an entire dress of lace over silk generally carries.

The pleated skirt has become such a favourite that intelligent modistes have had to study the pregnant question as to how it might be applied to their rotund customers. Someone, then, hit on the clever idea, as someone invariably does, of stitching narrow strips of cloth one on top of the other, thus giving the effect of box-pleated skirts *à la bonne femme* without the generally accompanying weight and size. The softest and most delicately textured suède and leather are a good



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME CLOAK.

neal used on these pale pastel cloth gowns for cuffs, collars, and vests. When painted with ethereal sprays or posies of flowers, as is the very latest fashion, a greatly enhanced elegance is gained thereby, and a proportionate expense, it may be added. But, then, when was anything

nice ever cheap, or *vice versa*? In smart *table d'hôte* dresses extravagance literally runs riot, sequins being laid on not singly as before, but in raised bosses, which immensely increases the rich appearance. Real lace is lavishly employed, and, not satisfied with this, extravagant femininity goes further and employs real stones, both pearls and jewels variously, to emphasise its effects. A lovely dress worn by a well-known bride in the Rooms some evenings since was of real white Chantilly over pink mousseline-de-soie, the entire lace gown, which was made *en Princesse*, glittering with carefully applied diamonds—not paste,

bien entendu. If this is not painting the lily, I should like to know what term it deserves.

As to jewels worn in their more orthodox and legitimate manner there is practically no end. All the women seem to have taken the revived fashion of wearing ear-rings very much to heart, and the number of immense diamond pendulums which one sees swinging in their ears gives a very good idea of what the South African output must have been in recent seasons. High dog-collars of pearls clasped with diamond slides, ropes of real pearls, and immense corsage-ornaments, besides bracelets, brooches, and other costly ornaments without end, are all and each displayed with a lavish *insouciance* which marks easily got gains.

"Clisque Cannes," as it has been called, not without some reason either, was much exercised over the marriage of Prince George Yourievsky with Countess Zarnekau last week, and everybody who was anybody found him or herself at the Russian Church to see the happy pair duly married. The bride-

groom is a morganatic son of the late Czar Alexander II., and the bride, curiously enough, is a morganatic daughter of the Duke of Oldenburg. Her dress, of white satin and white mousseline-de-soie, was magnificent, simple as the combination sounds. The handsomest dress of all those worn at the wedding, however, was that of the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The skirt, made entirely of white mousseline-de-soie, with a long and very full train, had large, lyre-shaped medallions of white panne inserted, and these were again bordered with fine needle-point. A little bolero of white panne gave great style to the lace corsage, the only touch of colour being a triple sash done in three different shades of mauve mousseline-de-soie, which was twisted about the waist and fell in long fringed ends to the end of train. It was really an incredibly lovely costume, and cost, I was duly informed, £200.

It is very noticeable how ubiquitous, not to say universal, is the present feeling for things archaic, or more properly speaking, Egyptian, in jewellery. I speak now, be it understood, of fashions abroad, for at home things "arrive" and take possession more slowly, even when hall-marked "modish." It is quite a departure certainly this new form of gorgeous and massive personal adornment, in strong contrast also to the slim, slender, and abbreviated conditions under which our jewellery has been evidenced for at least a generation. The first form which the new decoration takes is in pendants, which are, or seem to be, a combination of scarabæus, intaglio, and the legendary "charm" of Hebrew, and, in fact, Eastern habitude together. Exceedingly beautiful, too, are most of the models wrought by your expert French lapidary, several shades in gold produced by skilful alloys being worked in with harmoniously tinted jewels to quaintest and most extravagant yet delicately artistic device. These pendants are invariably larger

than a crown-piece and of all possible contrivance in outline and design. Compared with the monotonous gold heart of a season or two since, and the yet more uninteresting "loquets" of fifteen or twenty years ago, they are a distinct advance in decorative art, as being intrinsically beautiful, and therefore worthy the adoption of a cultivated taste. I should not be in the least surprised to see their first adoption negotiated here by the cultured and enterprising Parisian Diamond Company. All the leading Rue de la Paix jewellers are showing the new pendant extensively, and every shop in luxurious Monte Carlo is rich in lovely specimens at prices adapted only to successful issues at the Casino, but in London I have not yet seen a single example.

Returning to clothes, I find the frilled elbow-sleeve once more in the list for such smart occasions as afternoon-party gowns, race-meeting frocks, and so forth. It is, in my mean opinion, a combination of day and night wear which can never hit the happy medium of outdoor suitability, and a woman in long, wrinkled gloves and elbow-sleeves will always seem to me to have missed the instinct of dressing well, even though her clothes be hall-marked "Paris." But, as a hard-driven modiste said to me some days ago, "To invent a new style of dress is even more difficult than to discover a new dish, 'for we' (meaning the *couturières*) 'have only one human model to practise on, while the *chef* has at least four animals, not to mention snails.'"

Some of the new lattice-work chenille trimmings are extremely effective on plain gowns in a contrasting colour. They have a fantastic reminiscence of Spanish costume, too, which is most alluring, but, like all things else, they require a fastidious and competent scheme of colour and treatment. For instance, a delicious dress worn by the Princess of Monaco at the Opera some evenings since was of soft apricot panne, the apron panel and bodice being of ivory silk guipure over apricot silk, while a lattice-work insertion four or five inches in width surrounded the skirt and bodice, the waistband of which was palest-green taffetas. How this sounds to the uninitiated I know not, but how it looked I will swear by. Pewter-grey is also now a very favourite tone; it accords well with chinchilla and ivory lace, while forming an inestimable background for slight additions of black or vivid colour, such as cherry, cardinal-red, or tangerine-orange. A gorgeous evening-cloak of pewter-grey panne, with an immense shaped flounce and shaped shoulder-hood of ivory guipure lined with white satin, collared with chinchilla, and buckled with immense Egyptian jewelled clasps, is now being worn by a famous yet nameless lady at the Casino every evening, and is the most perfect garment possible to be conceived or executed even by a Worth.

SYBIL.

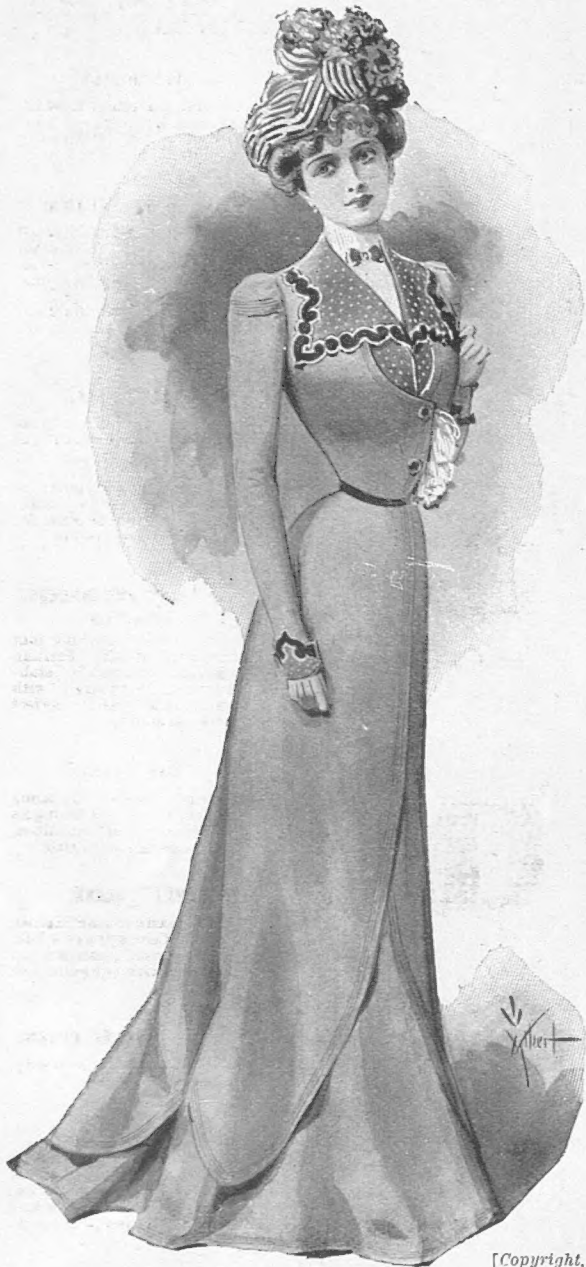
The members of Mr. Paget's Imperial Yeomanry Corps have been furnished with two pairs of Waukenphast's easy boots, and the Cycle Corps of the City of London Imperial Volunteers was also supplied with special boots by the same firm.

Readers desiring prompt missives from dear ones at "the front" should send them the handy "Khaki Letter-Case for Soldiers and Sailors." Only, they should affix South African stamps to the good supply of letter-cards within this portable case, which (furnished with a stout pencil) is sold for the small sum of one shilling by Mr. W. F. Smith, 177, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

A good Ladysmith, Mafeking, or Kimberley souvenir! Messrs. Mappin and Webb's new patent pocket-knives, with original cartridge handles and finest Sheffield steel blades, are engraved either "Gallant Ladysmith," "Gallant Kimberley," or "Gallant Mafeking." Ten per cent. of the proceeds from the sales are to be devoted to the Lord Mayor's War Fund. They are to be obtained from Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W.; or at Royal Works, Sheffield, and St. Anne's Square, Manchester.

The "Absent-Minded Beggar" Medal, admirably designed and executed, forms an elegant souvenir of the war and of the national outburst of patriotism it has evoked. It is seasonably issued by Messrs. Spinks and Son, 18, Piccadilly, whose name is a guarantee of its excellence. Made of silver and bronze-gilt in various sizes, this "National Commemorative Medal" is sold at prices to suit every pocket, and the purchaser has the satisfaction of knowing that a moiety goes to the Kipling Poem War Fund promoted by the *Daily Mail*.

The "Lord Mayor's Own Knife"—such as his Lordship presumably uses at his frugal lunch—is a substantial piece of cutlery, superbly finished by the well-known Sheffield firm of Messrs. Thomas Turner and Co. It has, no doubt, proved already most serviceable in South Africa to the City of London Imperial Volunteers. It has a stag haft, a strong blade of finest steel, a tin-opener, and leather-borer. To the credit of Messrs. Thomas Turner and Co. be it said that they presented one of these singularly strong and useful knives to each man in the two squadrons of the Yorkshire Imperial Yeomanry. Lord Aberdeen had two hundred and fifty for presentation to the Volunteers of the Gordon Highlanders. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge also selected this pattern for presentation to the Company of Imperial Yeomanry which was raised under the style of "The Duke of Cambridge's."



WALKING-COSTUME FOR EARLY SPRING.

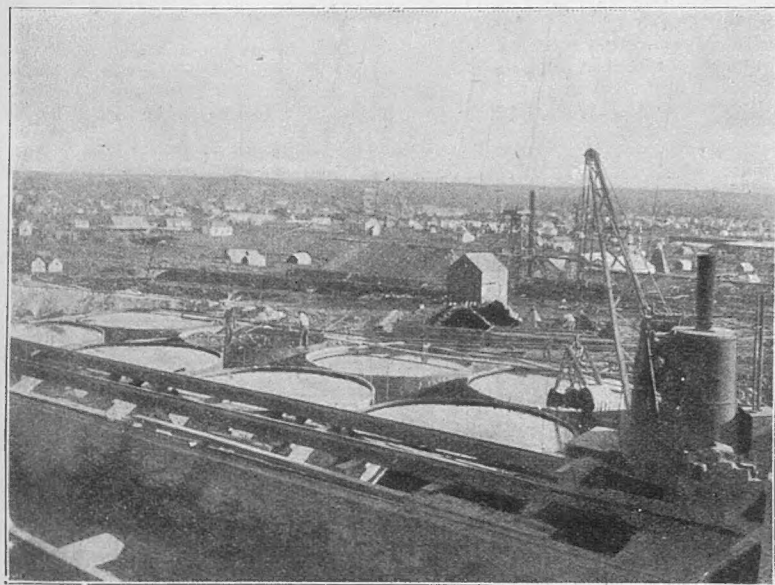


CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 12

ON CHANGE.

ALL the good news possible has come from South Africa, and yet Kaffirs are no higher than they were before Cronjé surrendered or Ladysmith was relieved. As we said last week, the effect of these operations had been pretty well discounted, and, truth to tell, most House-men had bought themselves a few shares, with the idea that what has happened would come about, and that they would then be able to sell their



LAKE VIEW CONSOLS: SULPHIDE LEACHING-VATS.

little lot to somebody else at a profit. The result has been that, the moment the good news came, everybody wanted to sell and snatch his profit, and markets were weaker than they were before. We have often noticed that good news (or bad news, for that matter) which has been long expected or which comes in dribbles has little or no effect, while a striking and sudden victory or an unexpected defeat like Colenso produces a great influence over the course of the markets.

If prices did not rise on the relief of Ladysmith, the Stock Exchange at least enjoyed itself. There was absolutely no business doing, yet the building was crammed all day on Thursday with an excited throng of brokers, jobbers, and clerks, cheering, throwing up each other's hats, and generally enjoying themselves, very much after the same fashion as their less aristocratic friends outside the Mansion House; and so the patriotic steam which might, under more fortunate circumstances, have been let off by taking a quick profit on twenty Rand Mines or fifty Goldfields, expended itself in the scarcely less enjoyable amusement of flag-waving, drinking Buller's health, and kindred sports.

We hear that the receiver for debenture-holders in the unfortunate Kent Coal Corporation is about to put the Dover works up for sale, by direction of the Court, and it is said that a group of Northern capitalists is being got together to make an offer for the concern. If it is true, as reported, that the notorious Arthur Burr is at the back of the combination, the public may look out for squalls in the shape of a fresh effort to extract cash by means of the old, alluring fairy-tales.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

The Kangaroo Market is now moving, most appropriately, by jerky jumps. It finds its prototype in the Yankee brigade, having adopted the up-one-day-and-down-the-next style which, as a rule, is beloved by punters and hated by the general speculator. The same absence of business is noticeable here that prevails in the Kaffir Circus, and lately the principal gambling counters of the market have got into such bad odour that the professional picker-up of odd quarters and five-sixteenths won't look at the tips which come to him about Westralians. The affairs of several of the large companies are undoubtedly at sixes and sevens, if they be not worse than that. It is all very well to dismiss a manager here and a secretary there in these Australian mining propositions; but when statements are fearlessly made, with every show of truth, that a Chairman or some other director is a big bull of such and such a share—or else that he is a big bear—it is enough to cause the public to look askance at a market where such matters are commented upon with the utmost freedom. Exaggerated and unfounded many of the rumours are—nobody doubts that for a minute; but it is well known that people closely connected with some of the mines are in constant touch with the market, and take advantage of their private information to such an extent that to deal in the shares becomes simply a question of an outsider staking his money against a director or other insider. What confidence can the public have in such a market as this?

There are many, we are thankful to say, exceptions to our remarks—probably more exceptions than examples; but they are all banned by the operations of the unscrupulous wire-pullers who work certain cliques of

shares. Great Boulder South are creeping up and we do not advise a sale at present. As an instance of a steady mine, with regular and consistent crushings, the Sons of Gwalia is one of the best. The price of the shares is high, namely, 5½, but it is one of the few that are not swayed by every cable from the Melbourne or Sydney Markets. In active days the price will probably go much better, and so, we fancy, will that of Kalgurli, in which speculation has quite died out for the time being.

By the courtesy of the Secretary of the Lake View Consols, Limited, we are able to reproduce two interesting pictures of the machinery and workings in this famous mine.

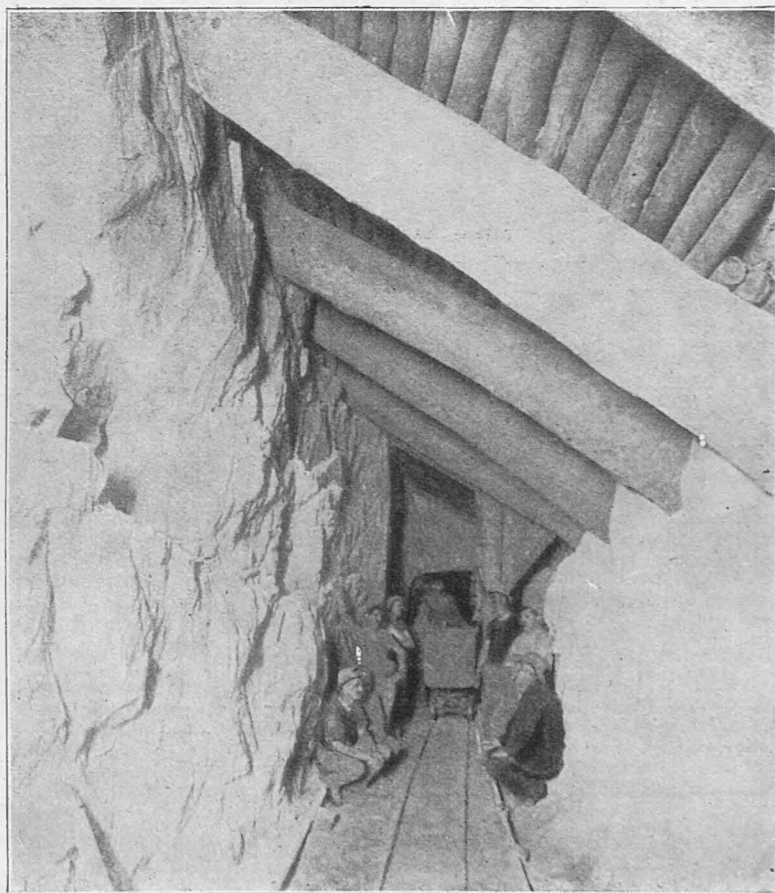
HOME RAILS.

We have been accused in several quarters of late that our notes upon Home Rails are unduly pessimistic, and that, considering what prices now prevail, our prophecies of further decline are nothing short of jeremiadic. With all due deference to our critics, we fear our condition of mind remains unchanged. Certainly, the traffics for 1900 up to the present time do not tend to exuberant bullishness. Take, for example, the returns of a few of the principal companies for the half-year to last Wednesday. They are as follows—

	Half-year's inc. or dec.		Half-year's inc. or dec.
Brighton	£9753	Hull and Barnsley	£6897
South-East. and Chat.	743	North-Western	7151
Great Eastern	2672	Great Northern	10,027
North-Eastern	4628	Great Central	28,783
Midland	3279	Great Western	24,110
Metropolitan	6025	South-Western	8920
District	143	Lanes. and Yorks.	9297

The Great Central and the Great Western are the only two companies which have reached double figures in their increases, and, as regards the former, its Ordinary stock is merely a gambling counter, and the Great Western increase is explainable by the fact that it goes against exceptionally bad figures of a year ago. The Hull and Barnsley statistics are almost the best in the batch, but the Metropolitan deserves some little congratulation at having secured £6025 more for the current half-year than it did in the same period of 1899. The "Heavy" lines, putting the Great Western on one side, show anything but brilliant results, and the two Southern companies have decreases against both of them. At the recent meetings, the various Chairmen have inveighed against the terrible cost of coal, materials, and wages, but the companies did not begin to feel the pinch of famine-priced coal until quite lately; its effect will be apparent only when the current half-year's accounts are published, in August next.

If there is a bull point in the situation, it lies in the hope that the end of the Transvaal War will bring about a rush of business in all



LAKE VIEW CONSOLS: MAIN DRIVE SOUTH, 300-FOOT LEVEL.

directions, when the public will invest its long-hoarded savings, and Home Railway stocks will be bought to pay from 3 to 3½ per cent. So far as we can see, that is practically the only thing to "go for" in buying Home Rails at to-day's prices. We fear that a combination amongst the

companies for the purpose of raising rates is too visionary a hope to come within the scope of practical politics at present.

BROKEN HILLS.

Our New South Wales correspondent sends us the following interesting letter from the great silver-mining capital. It will give those of our readers who are interested in Broken Hill shares considerable and reliable information as to the majority of the better-known properties of the district—

Broken Hill. Jan. 21, 1900.

Shortly after my last letter, Broken Hill stocks receded somewhat in value, but it needed only the publication of a few figures concerning the year's operations to set the market on its feet again. The figures connecting the Barrier with 1899 are certainly very satisfactory. The pity of it is that those concerning the imports and exports, chronicled by the Customs House, still relate to net values only—the lowest possible values that can be quoted.

I will explain. The exports of ore for the twelve months are set down as valued at £1,687,786, made up thus—

Ores, copper crude, 8702 cwt.	£3,062
Ores, silver crude, 2,932,060 cwt.	306,856
Ores, silver concentrates, 4,607,820 cwt.	1,220,171
Ores, slimes, 945,500 cwt.	40,572
Ores, zinc concentrates, 983,640 cwt.	40,916
Ores, tin crude, 96 cwt.	270
Ores, gold quartz	5
Other ores, 31,662 cwt.	75,934

This, for instance, gives the zinc concentrates as worth about 16s. 8d. per ton. The market value of zinc for the year averaged £20 15s. per ton. The zinc concentrates, once the despised "tailings," average in value, say, 10 oz. silver, 5·50 per cent. lead, and 25 per cent. zinc. All the "zinc concentrates," too, were not tailings; they included some of the pure zincs, the out-turn of the Australian Metal Company and two other mines. Thus, in no sense can 16s. 8d. per ton be accepted as the true value of the export. With regard to the silver-lead ores, the same fault prevails, so that, at the lowest, the export of ore for the year may be written down as worth a full £4,000,000. The Customs House figures give the total exports at £2,003,258 (the balance was chiefly cattle and sheep), and the imports at £944,911, plus reintroduced goods valued at £127,363. The figures for 1898 were: Exports, £1,728,290; imports, £833,305.

To the outside world, Newcastle, "where the coal comes from," is generally thought to be the second city in New South Wales. These comparisons will assist to knock that idea on the head—

TOTAL IMPORTS.			
Broken Hill	£1,072,274
Newcastle	622,563
TOTAL EXPORTS.			
Broken Hill	£2,003,258
Newcastle	1,589,825
MINERAL EXPORTS.			
Broken Hill	£1,687,786
Newcastle	882,857

Newcastle is the port of a large district. Moreover, in computing official returns for coal, the Government takes almost a market value. These figures, it is claimed, show to some extent the relative importance of the two centres; but they show conclusively that Broken Hill gives much the greater wealth to the world beyond itself, and is also a far better customer of the outside world.

Broken Hill's chief port, Port Pirie, for the year had an outward traffic of 133 ships, with a total of 218,380 tons, and employing 3589 men.

At the end of 1898 the number of hands employed on the Barrier Mines was 5777. Besides these, the Broken Hill Companies employed 1250 men at Port Pirie, and 458 at Port Adelaide, making a total of 7485 men. At the end of 1899, Broken Hill employed 6615 men; Port Pirie, 1335; Port Adel, 450; and Cockle Creek (the Sulphide Corporation), 450; total, 8850. The Broken Hill figures assist materially towards showing the relative importance of the various mines. They are—

	Surface.	Underground.	Total.
Broken Hill Proprietary	1364	980	2344
Block 10	252	443	695
Central	326	474	800
South	147	309	456
Block 14	242	485	727
British	190	370	560
Junction	160	320	480
Junction North	100	140	240
North	79	114	193
	2860	3635	6495

The A. B. H. Consols, North Central Pinnacles, and the small "outside shows" between them employ about 120, bringing up the total to 6615.

The B. H. Proprietary half-yearly report has also assisted to carry forward share values. The company's extraction of ore for six months was 206,193 tons, which yielded 2,502,463 oz. of silver, 17,831 tons of lead, 9,677 oz. of gold, and some copper and antimonial metal. The gross profits for the half-year were £141,492 12s. 2d., and the net £110,363 4s. 5d. Over £34,000 was deducted for depreciation, and nearly £63,000 for plant construction. The company's liquid assets ran to £426,359. The Proprietary directors, like all others, have only to say that things are going on satisfactorily. In all departments the result is good. Of the question of the zincs, the General Manager speaks thus: "For the recovery of the zinc contents of the ore, and at the same time a portion of the lead and silver that at present goes with the zinc, experiments have recently been made with magnetic separators of different types. The results obtained so far indicate a successful issue to the difficulty hitherto experienced in making a close separation of the several components of the sulphide ore, and of treating the zinc contents of the same. These experiments are still being continued, and this important matter will be closely followed until definitely settled."

As regards the matter of zinc extraction, I have nothing to add to what I have already written in former letters. The Australian Metal Company is doing payable work, and the several patents of various mine-engineers are meeting with success—especially that of the Sulphide Corporation.

The General Manager of Block 10 is leaving Broken Hill in March or April, partly to study the newest "improvements" in lead-silver mining in various parts of the world. This is Captain Warren, one of the whitest of "white men." (Mr. E. J. Horwood, one of the managers of the Proprietary, is also taking a trip; he especially visits Spain.) Re Block 10, shares are at present valued at £6 10s. Although paid up to £9 7s., I do not think them worth present rates. Excellent work is being done underground and by the mill, but the mine is not too safe. Superhuman efforts almost are being made to secure the workings, but they are dangerous, and it will be difficult to combat the danger. A "creep" would be fatal to the prospects of the mine.

All negotiations for the sale of the Northern Mines seem to be "off." A pity, for the North is a mine with a future. Ditto the South, at the other end of the lode. The South I consider one of the very best "specs" in the district. It is a mine with an immense future; the Central (Sulphide Corporation) lodes run direct into it; besides which, the company owns a couple of blocks which have not yet been explored. The British is now engaged exploring Block 16, partly, I believe, through the advice tendered by me through *The Sketch*. It is far too early to speak of results; my idea is that the reward of the company will be an excellent one. The Consols is still engaged developing at depth; none of the other mines have shown anything fresh. The Junction discovery of "wire" native silver proved, unfortunately, to be a mere "flash in the pan."

Re the outside mines. The war has delayed operations at the Euriovie Tin-Mines, and the same cause may, I think, be blamed for the failure of negotiations between the Sulphide Corporation and the Diamond Jubilee Company. Negligent directors are responsible for the Diamond Jubilee not having been offered to the British public. A Managing Director of one of the local mines, on a visit to England with other properties, understood that he was to work off the Diamond Jubilee as well, but the men in authority omitted to advise him on sundry points, and he "passed." The Diamond Jubilee is a mine of great promise. Within the past couple of weeks, Block 14 has purchased the Silver Hill Junction, while the Victoria Cross and Nine Mile have been taken up in Melbourne for flotation purposes. Of the near future of the Barrier I am still very hopeful.

The lowest working depths along the line at present are: Proprietary, 300 to 500 feet (shaft down 1100 feet); Junction North, 950 feet; North, 700 feet; Junction, 775 feet; British, 400 feet (shaft, 560 feet); Block 16, 200 feet; Block 14, 500 feet (shaft, 600 feet); Block 10, 1015 feet (shaft 1215 feet, depth held by water); Central (Sulphide Corporation), 700 feet; South, 825 feet; Consols, 350 feet.

After the failure of the Consols' last rich discovery to hold out, I am rather inclined to regard the mine as a gamble. Proprietary, Souths, British, and Norths are good. Junctions and Junction Norths—well, I am not going to advise purchase. Sulphides ought to be quoted at near £2 than £1. Block 14's I am not in love with, though with a "boom" market they will be of the first to rise.

CONSOLS AND THE WAR.

The net result of the relief of Ladysmith, so far as the Consol Market was concerned, amounted to a fall of one-and-threepence per cent. in the price of the Funds. The immense importance of last Thursday's news had no effect whatever upon investment markets; it did not even make their prices weaker, as was the case with Kaffirs. Nor had the surrender of Cronjé and his force any more effect upon Consols. It is, therefore, quite evident that we must go farther afield than temporary successes to find a motive which shall influence the course of this market. Of course, the war is the prevailing cause that lies at the back of all others, and which operates upon the Money Market to a greater degree than anything else; and, with these two axioms to start with, we are led inevitably to the conclusion that nothing short of the declaration of Peace—or, perhaps, the discounting of that event—can have a strengthening effect upon the Consol Market, upon which hang the Railway and other investment departments of the Stock Exchange. The end of the war is not yet in sight, and even more money may conceivably be required to bring that consummation about. This of itself would be sufficient to keep the price of Consols in the near neighbourhood of par, and there are indications that the Discount Market may harden still more than it has done lately. A bull account is being built up in Kaffirs, which, if persisted in, might want a lot of financing, and, although there is a vast amount of money in the country that awaits investment, private people are shy of lending it on any but good securities. For a time, then, we do not see much chance of a revival in the Consol Market.

Saturday, March 3, 1900.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. G. S.—(1) If you bought them for a speculation, we do not see why you should sell. (2) We should hold. (3) For a rise on a successful prosecution of the war, you might buy.

M. W. P.—You cannot buy Home Railway Debentures to pay anything like 4 per cent. How would (1) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary stock or South Metropolitan Gas stock, (2) Industrial and General Trust Unified stock or Globe Telegraph Trust shares, (3) Debenture Corporation Pref. shares or Showell's Brewery 4½ per cent. Debentures stock, suit you?

LADBROKE.—Thanks for your letter. We will try to give the table you suggest in an early issue.

G. W. S.—We have answered your letter and returned your papers.

E. M. B.—Thanks for the information contained in your letter. See our Notes this week.

J. H. T.—The drop has been caused by the recent proposals for increasing the capital. The addition of a million was most unpopular, and the method suggested for raising it very objectionable. There are also fears that the Budget may touch up the brewers. We consider the shares very speculative, and not fit for a person to hold who wants a quiet life.